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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

JANUARY, 1931

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

A HIGH DISCIPLE, A PROPHECY, AND A MIRACLE

THE passages of the Buddhist Suttas here translated contain many things which illumine different sides of the Buddha's character. There is, first, an often repeated formula which compresses counsels of supreme wisdom into a sentence. There is an illustration of the Buddha's fine irony, this time directed to the chief among his high disciples. There is a prophecy, a very interesting comment on which was made a good many years ago in *The Theosophist*, while it was still under the guidance of its heroic foundress. Then there is the story of what it is customary to call a miracle,—in reality an illustration of a Master's command of natural forces. First in order comes the counsel of wisdom:

And so, when the Master had remained at Rajagriha as long as seemed good to him, he addressed the noble Ananda, saying: "Let us go, Ananda, let us betake ourselves to Ambalatthika."

"So be it, Sire!" the noble Ananda responded. And so the Master, with a great company of disciples, departed to Ambalatthika.

There, at Ambalatthika, the Master dwelt in the king's palace. While the Master was dwelling there at Ambalatthika in the king's palace, he addressed to his disciples this teaching abounding in righteousness, saying: "This is right conduct, this is contemplation, this is wisdom; contemplation enriched by right conduct bears much fruit and many blessings; wisdom enriched by contemplation bears much fruit and many blessings; the heart which is enriched by wisdom is altogether set free from the poisons, to wit, the poison of lust, the poison of the desire of life, the poison of false beliefs, the poison of unwisdom."

It has been said of Masters that they are great in wisdom, even greater in holiness, since right conduct, of which holiness is the perfect flower, is the first and indispensable step toward wisdom. It would be both interesting and profitable to consider how far the clouds of materialistic science, which are now beginning to break, owe their obscuration to the ignoring of this funda-

mental principle. The word just translated "heart" is *chittam*, which means the whole consciousness; only when developed and expanded equally can consciousness discern that reality, the perception of which is wisdom, and consciousness not responsive to the law of righteousness is not fully developed, it is lop-sided and incomplete. A good many scientists, especially those who are in the lower ranks, speak and think rather disparagingly of "mere morality"; they do not realize that they are thereby defining the limits of their perception. They may gather the fruit of knowledge, but not of wisdom. Right conduct is the first step, and is indispensable. The seeker for wisdom who is founded upon right conduct may then wisely enter into meditation, the patient brooding of the mind on a subject of thought, which leads to wisdom. A wise distinction is drawn by students of Western mysticism between meditation and contemplation: meditation is the preliminary work of the purified mind, distributing and setting in the best order the parts of a problem, and making thoughtful comparison with kindred problems; contemplation is the serene insight, kindled by the inner light, which falls upon the parts of a problem thus thoughtfully considered. But, for any true ordering of a problem, right conduct must come first. There must be white light. If the light be coloured by "lust, the desire of life, false beliefs, unwisdom", the elements of the lower self, there can be no true seeing. Scientists take infinite pains, and rightly, to exclude all foreign factors from a critical experiment; disciples must take equal pains to exclude the "poisons", if they seek right perception. They must build upon right conduct. This is fundamental, and therefore we find the Buddha repeating these sentences again and again, so that they may be engraved on the memories and hearts of his disciples.

The story brings us next to the finely ironical reproof of Sariputta. The chief of the Buddha's disciples, to whom tradition gives the title, "Leader of the Army of the Law of Righteousness", held in the inner circle about the Buddha a position like that of Peter, traditionally named "Prince of the Apostles", in the group of disciples chosen by Christ. There is a profoundly interesting contrast in tone between the reproof administered to Sariputta and the rebukes which the impulsive Peter drew down upon himself. The narrative of the incident begins:

And so, when the Master had remained at Ambalatthika as long as seemed good to him, he addressed the noble Ananda, saying: "Let us go, Ananda, let us betake ourselves to Nalanda."

"So be it, Sire!" the noble Ananda responded. And so the Master, with a great company of disciples, departed to Nalanda. There, at Nalanda, the Master dwelt in the Pavarika mango grove.

Before going on with the story it is interesting to note that a famous university was later established at Nalanda by the followers of the Buddha; for a long time it was the centre of religious and philosophical culture in northern India. Pending that foundation, the Buddha and his disciples camped in the mango grove, a huge cavern of green coolness, with the dark brown stems of the mangoes growing in sandy soil and holding up the wide canopy of glossy

leaves. So deep is the shade that there is little grass, but a smooth floor fitted for the setting up of booths well protected from the blaze of the Indian sky. The Buddha, as the "Birth Stories" show, was a lover and keen observer of birds, attributing to himself such births as the "Wise Partridge"; in the green gloom of the mango grove he would have seen the gold and black orioles flitting to and fro, uttering eloquent things in their rich contralto tones,—the orioles of India are close kin to the golden orioles of France; he would have seen striped hoopoes magnificent in their war-bonnets, stepping sedately across the sandy floor; he would have seen gray squirrels darting from tree to tree, chattering at each other excitedly. And, while so resting among these lovely things, he would have seen the approach of his chief disciple:

And so the noble Sariputta, coming near to where the Master was, and drawing near to the Master, respectfully saluted him and seated himself at one side. Thus seated at one side, the noble Sariputta spoke thus to the Master:

"So full of faith am I, Sire, in the Master, that I am persuaded that never has there been, never shall there be, nor in the present is there found any other, whether ascetic or Brahman, greater and wiser than my Master, that is, respecting the supreme illumination!"

The Master answered: "Lofty and magnificent are the words that thou hast spoken, O Sariputta, uttering, as it were, the triumphant roar of a lion: 'So full of faith am I, Sire, in the Master, that I am persuaded that never has there been, never shall there be, nor in the present is there found any other, whether ascetic or Brahman, greater and wiser than my Master, that is, respecting the supreme illumination!' Without doubt, O Sariputta, whatever Arhats, perfect Buddhas, there have been in the far-reaching pathway of the past, these Masters thou hast known, encompassing them in thy consciousness, so as to perceive that such was the righteousness of these Masters, such was their knowledge of the Law of Righteousness, such was their illumination, such was their conduct, so far had they attained to liberation?"

"Not so, of a truth, Sire!"

"Well then, Sariputta, whatsoever Arhats, perfect Buddhas, there shall be in the far-reaching pathway of the future, all these Masters thou hast known, encompassing them in thy consciousness, so as to perceive that such shall be the righteousness of these Masters, such their knowledge of the Law of Righteousness, such their illumination, such their conduct, so far shall they attain to liberation?"

"Not so, of a truth, Sire!"

"Well then, Sariputta, have I, as Arhat, as perfect Buddha of the present time, been so well known by thee, encompassing me with thy consciousness, that thou hast been able to say, 'Such is the righteousness of the Master, such is his knowledge of the Law of Righteousness, such is his illumination, such is his conduct, so far has he attained to liberation'?"

"Not so, of a truth, Sire!"

"So, then, Sariputta, thou hast not a complete knowledge of the consciousness of the Arhats, perfect Buddhas, of the past, the future, and of the present

time. Why, then, Sariputta, hast thou uttered these lofty and magnificent words, roaring, as it were, the roar of a lion?"

The Buddha conveyed more than one lesson in this rather crushing reproof administered to his chief apostle. He wished Sariputta to come to a realization of the real scope of his own words; it is, first of all, a lesson in meditation. At the same time, the Buddha awakens some intuition of the might, majesty, dominion and power of the Great Lodge of Masters, backward along the far-reaching pathway of the past, forward along the far-reaching pathway of the future, and in the everlasting Now; of the holiness, the wisdom, the liberation of the Masters. But there is one lesson more: their splendid humility. With fine irony the Buddha reproves the ecstatic outpouring of the over-zealous Sariputta; at the same time he rebukes the great disciple's flattery, however sincere it may be. There is an inner unity of spirit here with the reply of Christ: "Why callest thou me good?"

Sariputta accepts the reproof, and makes a rejoinder which does credit at once to his devotion and to the quickness of his mind:

"It is true, Sire, that I have not a complete knowledge of the consciousness of the Arhats, perfect Buddhas, of the past, the future and of the present time. But I have a perception of the lineage of the Law of Righteousness. It is, Sire, as though a king possessed a city on the frontier, firmly founded, with firm walls and towers, and with one gate. There the king's warden kept the gate, a man learned, experienced, possessing wisdom, so that he kept out those who were unknown, and admitted those who were known. So making the complete circuit of that city's walls, the warden might not scrutinize every joint in the wall, every crevice in the wall, through which only a cat could find its way out. But he would know of a certainty that every considerable living being which entered the city or departed from it,—every one of them must enter or depart by the gate which he guarded. In just this way, Sire, is the lineage of the Law of Righteousness known to me. Whatsoever Arhats, perfect Buddhas, Sire, were on the far-reaching pathway of the past, dispelling the five obscurities (envy, passion, vacillation, sloth, and unbelief), these faults which darken the understanding, firmly established in the four degrees of recollection and meditation, thoroughly exercising themselves in the seven members of awakened spiritual intelligence (that is to say, in recollection, examination, valour, joy, serenity, contemplation, detachment), thereby enjoyed the unsurpassable supreme illumination. And I know that the same thing will be true of the Arhats, perfect Buddhas, on the far-reaching pathway of the future. I know, too, that this is true, Sire, of the Master in the present!"

No comment of the Buddha on this fine piece of special pleading has been recorded. But he must have smiled in serene enjoyment of his great disciple's intellectual resourcefulness. The narrative continues:

There, at Nalanda, the Master dwelt in the Pavarika mango grove. And there he addressed to his disciples this teaching abounding in righteousness, saying: "This is right conduct, this is contemplation, this is wisdom; contemplation enriched by right conduct bears much fruit and many blessings; wisdom

enriched by contemplation bears much fruit and many blessings; the heart which is enriched by wisdom is altogether set free from the poisons, to wit, the poison of lust, the poison of the desire of life, the poison of false beliefs, the poison of unwisdom."

And so, when the Master had dwelt at Nalanda as long as seemed good to him, he addressed the noble Ananda, saying: "Let us go, Ananda, let us betake ourselves to Pataligama."

"So be it, Sire!" the noble Ananda responded. And so the Master, with a great company of disciples, departed to Pataligama.

The lay-disciples who were at Pataligama heard that the Master had come to Pataligama. Therefore these lay-disciples betook themselves to the place where the Master was, and, respectfully saluting the Master, seated themselves at one side. Being thus seated at one side, the lay-disciples of Pataligama said: "Sire, let the Master take up his abode in the rest-house!" The Master by his silence gave consent.

And so the lay-disciples of Pataligama, seeing that the Master had consented to be their guest, rose from their seats, respectfully saluted the Master, keeping the right hand toward him, and betook themselves to the rest-house. Betaking themselves thither, and fully preparing the rest-house for occupation, they set seats in order, brought a jar of pure water, set up an oil lamp, and, having completed their preparations, went back to the place where the Buddha was, and, respectfully saluting him, stood at one side. Standing thus at one side, these lay-disciples of Pataligama spoke thus to the Master:

"Sire, the rest-house is fully prepared for occupation, seats have been set in order, a jar of pure water has been brought, an oil lamp has been set up. The time has come for the Master to do what he thinks fitting!"

And so the Master, donning his robe and taking his bowl, went with the company of his disciples to the rest-house, washed his feet, and entered the rest-house, taking his seat at the central pillar and sitting with his face toward the East. The disciples of the Order thereupon also washed their feet, and entered the rest-house, taking their seats against the Western wall, seating themselves with the Master in front of them. Finally, the lay-disciples of Pataligama washed their feet also, entered the rest-house and seated themselves against the Eastern wall, facing the West, and respectfully taking their places with regard to the Master.

And so the Master thus addressed the lay-disciples of Pataligama: "There are five miseries which beset the wrong-doer because he has fallen from right conduct. What are the five?

"First, householders, because the wrong-doer fallen from right conduct is overcome by sloth, he incurs the loss of his possessions. This is the first misery that besets him.

"Once again, householders, the wrong-doer fallen from right conduct is overtaken by ill repute. This is the second misery that besets him.

"Once again, householders, concerning the wrong-doer fallen from righteous conduct, whatever society he enters, whether a gathering of Kshatriyas, a

gathering of Brahmans, a gathering of householders, or a gathering of ascetics, he enters that gathering devoid of confidence, downcast. This is the third misery that besets him.

"Once again, householders, the wrong-doer fallen from right conduct, when he reaches his appointed time, is afflicted with dismay. This is the fourth misery that besets him.

"Once again, householders, the wrong-doer fallen from right conduct, when he is separated from the body after death, finds himself in an unhappy state of affliction, woe, punishment, retribution. This is the fifth misery that besets him. These, then, householders, are the five miseries that overtake the wrong-doer who has fallen from right conduct.

"And likewise there are five blessings which rest upon the man of good conduct, who follows after righteousness. What are the five?

"First, householders, the man of good conduct who follows after righteousness, since he does not fall into sloth, gains much stored-up wealth. This is the first blessing that rests on him.

"Once again, householders, the man of good conduct who follows after righteousness, gains fair fame and repute. This is the second blessing that rests upon him.

"Once again, householders, concerning the man of good conduct who follows after righteousness, whatever society he enters, whether a gathering of Kshatriyas, a gathering of Brahmans, a gathering of householders, or a gathering of ascetics, he is confident, not downcast. This is the third blessing that rests upon him.

"Once again, householders, the man of good conduct who follows after righteousness, when he reaches his appointed time, is serene of heart. This is the fourth blessing that rests upon him.

"Once again, householders, the man of good conduct who follows after righteousness, when he is separated from the body after death, finds himself in a happy state of blessedness. This is the fifth blessing that rests upon him. These, then, householders, are the five blessings that rest upon the man of good conduct who follows after righteousness."

And so, when the Master had instructed the lay-disciples of Pataligama far into the night, encouraging them in good works, filling them with vigour and delight, he dismissed them, saying: "The night is far gone, householders! It is time for you to do what is fitting!"

"So be it, Sire!" responded the lay-disciples of Pataligama, answering the Master, and rising from their seats they respectfully saluted the Master, keeping the right hand toward him, and took their departure. And the Master, not long after the lay-disciples of Pataligama had taken their departure, entered the chamber in which he might enjoy solitude.

So far, the journey to Pataligama, which, being interpreted, means the Village of the Sweet-scented Trumpet-vine. Two aspects of this incident are worth noting: first, the sense of courtesy and order which invariably ruled all

acts of the Buddha and the members of the Order, illustrated here by the seating of the Buddha, his full disciples, and the lay-disciples of Pataligama, whom he was visiting, as well as in the careful preparations which these lay-disciples made for his reception; second, the directly practical nature of his teaching at Pataligama, exactly suited to the problems of men who, adhering to his spiritual leadership, yet remained in their own homes, and there met the ordinary problems of daily life. The clear distinction between the members of the Order who were seeking the transmutation of full discipleship, and these excellent and devoted lay-disciples, who were not directly seeking that transmutation, is fully brought out by the scope and character of the lessons in the rest-house. And here, as always, the Buddha used iteration to make it easy for his hearers to remember,—to make it almost impossible for them to forget. The narrative resumes:

At that very time Sunidha and Vassakara, chief ministers of Ajatashatru, King of Magadha, were building a stronghold at Pataligama as a defence against the Vajjians. At that time also many thousand *devatâs* (ethereal powers) had taken possession of the region of Pataligama. In whatever place *devatâs* of great power take possession of the region, they turn the hearts of rulers and chief ministers of great power to build residences in that place. And so the *devatâs* of middle power or of lesser power constrain the hearts of rulers and chief ministers of middle or lesser power to build dwellings.

So it befell that the Master with divine vision, pure, surpassing the vision of the sons of men, saw these thousands of *devatâs* that had taken possession of the places in Pataligama. And so, as night was lightening to dawn, the Master arose and said to the noble Ananda:

"Ananda, who is building a stronghold at Pataligama?"

"Sunidha and Vassakara, Sire, the chief ministers of Magadha, are building a stronghold at Pataligama as a defence against the Vajjians!"

"They act, Ananda, as though they had taken counsel with the Thirty-three Celestials, these chief ministers of Magadha, Sunidha and Vassakara, in building a stronghold at Pataligama as a defence against the Vajjians. In this very place, Ananda, I beheld with divine vision, pure, surpassing the vision of the sons of men, thousands of *devatâs* who have taken possession of the region of Pataligama. And in whatever place ethereal powers of great influence take possession of the region, they turn the hearts of great rulers and chief ministers to build residences in that place, and so with the ethereal powers of middle or lesser influence, who constrain the hearts of rulers and ministers of middle or lesser power to build dwellings. So far, Ananda, as the Aryan people have their dwellings, so far as merchants wend their way, this shall be the chief city, Pataliputra, a central city. Nevertheless, Ananda, three dangers shall threaten Pataliputra,—the dangers of fire, of water and of dissension between friends!"

Pataligama, the Village of the Sweet-scented Trumpet-vine, was on the south bank of the Ganges, just below the point where the Sôn river enters it from the south, close to longitude 85° East, not far from the modern city of Patna. As the Buddha foresaw and foretold, the village became a great and wealthy

city, under circumstances thus set forth in an authoritative historical study entitled "Shakya Muni's Place in History", which was printed in *The Theosophist* and reprinted in *Five Years of Theosophy:*

"Quite independently of the Buddhist version, there exists the historical fact recorded in the Brahmanical as well as in the Burmese and Tibetan versions, that in the year 63 of Buddha, Susinago of Benares was chosen king by the people of Pataliputra, who made away with Ajatashatru's dynasty. Susinago removed the capital of Magadha from Rajagriha to Vaisali, while his successor Kalashoka removed it in his turn to Pataliputra. It was during the reign of the latter that the prophecy of Buddha concerning Patalibat or Pataliputra—a small village during His time—was realized."

The prophecy has just been quoted. King Ajatashatru appears several times in these Suttas: as the king who visited and revered the Buddha, but was debarred from becoming a full disciple because he had slain his father. Perhaps it was the karmic retribution for this parricide that led the people of Pataliputra to "make away with Ajatashatru's dynasty": he appears again as fulminating against the Vajjians and as sending his Brahman minister Vassakara, the Rain-maker, to find out from the Buddha whether he could hope to overcome them. Evidently the oracle which the Rain-maker brought back dissuaded him from making his contemplated attack, but he determined to build a fortress at Pataligama to prevent the Vajjians from attacking him. Therefore he sent his two ministers to see to the building of a new stronghold near the village. The year 63 of Buddha, that is, 63 years after the Great Decease, corresponds to the year 480 before our era. The Kalashoka mentioned in the historical essay cited, who is also called Chandragupta, belonged to the Rajput family of the Moryas. At a later date Pataliputra is named in the fifth Edict inscribed on the rocks at Girnar by order of Dharmashoka, the great Buddhist convert and emperor. The excellent monograph, *Asoka: The Buddhist Emperor of India*, by Vincent A. Smith, late of the Indian Civil Service, tells us that "the ancient city of Pataliputra, like its modern successor (Patna), was a long and narrow parallelogram, about nine miles in length and a mile and a half in breadth. The wooden walls seen by Megasthenes, which were protected by a wide and deep moat, were pierced by sixty-four gates and crowned by five hundred and seventy towers. Asoka built an outer masonry wall, and beautified the city with innumerable stone buildings so richly decorated, that in after ages they were ascribed to the genii."

Thus the first part of the Buddha's prophecy was fulfilled. The small village, in whose rest-house he and his disciples were so hospitably welcomed by the lay-disciples, became the first city of the Indian world, the imperial capital of Asoka. Concerning the three dangers which threatened the great city, still unbuilt, we may quote from the monograph already cited:

"The greater part of the ancient city (Pataliputra) still lies buried in the silt of the rivers under Patna and Bankipore at a depth of from ten to twenty feet. In several places the remains of the wooden palisade mentioned by Megasthenes have been exposed by casual excavations, and numerous traces have been

found of massive brick and magnificent stone buildings. . . . The excavations, as far as they have been carried, fully confirm the accuracy of the accounts given by Megasthenes and the Chinese pilgrims of the extent and magnificence of the Maurya capital."

So far the prophecy and its fulfilment. Now concerning the miracle. Since King Ajatashatru had great reverence for the Buddha, and had expressed this reverence to his chief minister, the Rain-maker, it was wholly natural for the Rain-maker and his ministerial colleague to show the Buddha every attention, to press hospitality upon him, which he accepted, graciously returning thanks on behalf of himself and his disciples. The narrative goes on:

And so the Master, having thanked Sunidha and Vassakara, chief ministers of Magadha, arose and departed. And the two chief ministers followed after the Master, saying: "By what gate the ascetic Gotama departs, that shall be named Gotama Gate; and by what ferry the ascetic Gotama shall cross the river Ganga, that shall be called Gotama Ferry." So the gate by which the Master went out was named Gotama Gate.

And so the Master went on to the Ganga river. At that time the Ganga river was full to the brink, so that a crow standing on the bank might drink. Some of the men who were there sought a boat, some of them sought a raft, some of them sought a float of branches, desiring to cross to the other shore. But the Master, just as a mighty man might stretch forth his arm, or, having stretched it forth, draw it back again, disappeared from the hither bank of the Ganga river and immediately was standing on the farther bank, with the company of his disciples.

The Master saw the men seeking boat or raft or float, and, seeing them, sang this song:

"They who cross the watery waste, after building a causeway,
While fools seek floats of boughs,—they are indeed the wise."

The story of this crossing of the Ganges may remind us of the story of another Master, who likewise had command over the wind and the waves:

"Then they willingly received him into the ship: and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went."

Thus that Master carried his disciples with him to the other shore. Those who are ready to accept the view that great Masters have such power over the elements, will see in both narratives a record of that power. Others may be content to see in the two events an eloquent symbol of a Master's protective power over his children, whom he takes with him to the farther shore, the shore of salvation, across the "watery waste" of psychical illusion.

FRAGMENTS

I ASKED the Master for light and he gave me darkness: and I grieved. Then he said to me: It is in my light that you should walk, not in your own. Did I give you the light, you would walk in the path that your light showed, but if you be in darkness you will take no step until I show a place where you may put your feet. So I give darkness that you may see yourself, and thereby learn the light that is of me. How else could I give you light?

He who sits in darkness need not fear, if he be still. It is not what others may do to you that constitutes your danger; it is what you may do yourself, and wring your soul's consent. There are many lights,—the flashing lights of ambition and success that end in blindness; the dazzling lights of the mind that fascinate and mislead; the treacherous lights of the heart that enchant, and disarm, and destroy. Beware of lights, as the multitude run about crying, Lo here, Lo there.

Still in the darkness, fixed, expectant, slowly the inner eyes shall open. Could they open in the flooding light of day? For to the inner eyes the light is darkness, the darkness, light. When the mind is lost in shadows, when the candles of the heart are all extinguished, when the material world is wrapped in blackness, rejoice, rejoice, for so I give the light—the light that shineth evermore unto the perfect day.

I asked the Master for peace and he gave me strife: and I grieved.

Then he said to me: O you of little faith, what peace can there be where you are, but in death? Go forth to meet the strife and battle valiantly. So shall there be the peace—my peace—which crowns the victor's toil; when, strong, serene, he, herolike, has dominated self and sin, within, without, and comes and lays his sword upon the altar of the great White Lodge from which he took it. There is peace in that day; but in this, peace only in a conflict bravely waged. I give the strife that you may have the peace. How else could I give you peace? For to the soul, that which is war on earth is peace in heaven.

CAVÉ.

IAMBLICHUS

I drew nigh to the confines of death, I trod the threshold of Proserpine, I was borne through all the elements and returned to earth. I saw the sun shining with splendour at midnight. I approached the Gods above and the Gods below, and worshipped them face to face.

APULEIUS.

PLATO and others have testified that during the celebration of the Mysteries, the Initiate was liberated from the bonds of the body and held converse with the Immortals. He was said to be reborn as a companion of the Gods by the efficacy of the sacred rites in which he participated.

With few exceptions, modern scholars have rejected the idea that Initiation involved a real transformation of human nature. They have supposed that the neophyte's fancy was over-stimulated by "suggestion," if not by drugs or long periods of fasting. They have imagined that the "divine apparitions" of the Mysteries were produced and controlled by stage machinery, like the spirit cabinets of the parlour magician.

However, the student of Theosophy cannot dismiss without investigation the testimony of a Plato that Initiation was a spiritual experience. The existence of bogus Mysteries, past and present, does not disprove the existence of Mysteries which are real, and which may be discovered to-day by one who is determined to find them and is willing to undergo their discipline. In any event, the study of the Mystery tradition is a most important part of the second object of the Theosophical Society.

Nevertheless, with the best will in the world, he who begins this study is often bewildered by the contradictory and fragmentary nature of the data. Modern scholarship is not wholly responsible for the misunderstandings which have arisen; for the ancients who knew, were obliged by their pledge of secrecy to speak indirectly and allegorically, and those who were ignorant could only describe exoteric reflections and counterfeits of the sacred rites.

Therefore, the student of the twentieth century can appreciate the motives which impelled a student of the third century to question whether the so-called sacred rites were not vain and spurious. This student was Porphyry, the most talented disciple of Plotinus and the head of the Neo-Platonic school after his master's death.

Porphyry did not doubt the reality of the spiritual world and of the truths revealed by mystical experience; but he could discover no connection between the ceremonies of the Mysteries—as he had heard them described—and the method of self-transformation which had been taught by Plotinus and which he had proved for himself to be effective by his own inner development. Indeed, Porphyry gave outward proof of his inner development by a notable

manifestation of intellectual humility. Suspecting that others knew what he did not know himself, he addressed an open letter to an Egyptian theurgist, the "prophet" Anebo,[1] and requested information concerning the Egyptian Mysteries in which, as he had reason to believe, Anebo had been initiated.

The purport of his letter can be given in a few words. Porphyry asked what was the objective of Initiation and, if this objective were worthy, why was it attainable only by the cultivation of magical powers which seemed to involve the enslavement of divine energies to material ends, such as the procurement of health or wealth or the foreknowledge of the future. Wherein did such practices differ from vulgar sorcery, and what relation did they bear to the true purpose of the soul, the realization of its union with the Divine Self?

Porphyry's letter was answered by Abammon, who described himself as the superior of Anebo. It is generally accepted that the actual author was a friend of Porphyry, the philosopher Iamblichus. Madame Blavatsky states that Abammon was the name of Iamblichus' Master, an Egyptian priest (*The Key to Theosophy*, 3).

Little is known of Iamblichus. He was born at Chalcis, in Cœle-Syria, before the middle of the Third Century, and apparently died during the reign of Constantine the Great (306–337 A.D.). His familiarity with Egyptian modes of thought suggests that he spent much of his life in Egypt, probably in Alexandria. He was manifestly a careful student of the system of Plotinus, and an admirer of Porphyry as its most distinguished exponent. He was celebrated for his erudition, and is probably best known among modern historians as the author of the most complete extant biography of Pythagoras.

The "divine Iamblichus," as his followers named him, has nevertheless been neglected and despised by modern scholars. It is claimed with reason that as regards philosophical genius he cannot be compared with Plotinus or even with Porphyry. Moreover, he did not express himself clearly and elegantly in Greek, possibly because it was not his mother-tongue. The passages translated in the present article are based on the Greek text and Latin translation of Gustave Parthey, with the invaluable help of the English translations of Thomas Taylor and Alexander Wilder. A certain amount of paraphrasing has been necessary in order to render the thought of Iamblichus in readable English, but the translator has been as careful as possible to preserve the ideas of Iamblichus in their integrity.

The real genius of Iamblichus was revealed in the domain of applied occultism or *theurgy*, and this makes thoroughly intelligible the hostility of the moderns. Thus we find a well-known "authority" on the Hermetic literature designating Iamblichus as either a lunatic or a charlatan. He has shared the fate of Apollonius of Tyana, of Paracelsus and Saint-Germain and Cagliostro, of Madame Blavatsky herself.

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[1] It has been conjectured that Anebo was the priest to whom Porphyry refers in his *Life of Plotinus*. This priest is said to have evoked the "presiding spirit" of Plotinus by a theurgic ceremony in the Temple of Isis at Rome. "At the summons a Divinity appeared. . . . and the Egyptian exclaimed: 'You are singularly graced; the guiding power in you is not of the lower degrees but is a God' " (cap. 9).

In the *Theosophical Glossary*, Iamblichus is said to have been "the founder of theurgic magic among the Neo-Platonists and the reviver of the practical mysteries outside of temple or fane," theurgic magic being "principally the highest and most efficient mode of communication with one's Higher Ego, through the medium of one's astral body. Theurgy is *benevolent* magic, and it becomes goëtic, or dark and evil, only when it is used for necromancy or selfish purposes." The theurgists "could clothe their own or any other person's astral *double* with the appearance of its Higher Ego, or what Bulwer Lytton terms the 'Luminous Self,' the *Augoeides*, and confabulate with it. This it is which Iamblichus and many others, including the mediæval Rosicrucians, meant by *union with Deity*. . . . There is much of the theosophical in his (Iamblichus') teachings, and his works on the various kinds of Dæmons (Elementals) are a well of esoteric knowledge for the student".

One may surmise that Iamblichus was an associate of the Lodge Messenger of the third century, if he was not the Lodge Messenger himself. This idea is suggested by his attempt to re-establish the Egyptian and Greek Mysteries, and to isolate them from the deadening influences of priestcraft and officialdom. Incidentally, he met the determined opposition of the Christian clergy, who were appropriating the rites and symbols of the Mysteries for purposes of their own.

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The reply of Abammon to Porphyry bears the title, *Peri Mustērion*, or in Latin, *De Mysteriis*, "Concerning the Mysteries." It is said to have satisfied Porphyry to the extent that he recognized the existence and value of a true theurgy preserved by a Mystery tradition that was sponsored by the Immortals themselves.

The *De Mysteriis* may be interpreted as an invitation to the lover of truth to enter the path leading to Initiation. The sacred rites, Iamblichus says again and again, were instituted by the Immortals as a means of awakening the souls of men, leading them to an immediate awareness of their essential divinity. Therefore, if they were designed by Gods and Heroes, it is impious to compare them to the "mummeries and labyrinths" of exoteric ceremonies, which have been devised by mortal men. Exoteric ritual too often imposes upon the disinterested spectator an impression of automatism and insincerity. The veritable sacred rites, on the contrary, are said to reveal, in ordered succession, the scenes of a divine drama displaying the primordial being of the soul, its subsequent fall into matter, its final liberation and return to the state of bliss. Moreover, there is a factor which distinguishes the divine drama from all ritual of human origin. In the course of its representation, the Initiate ceases to be merely a spectator and becomes a participant. He becomes, indeed, the soul; its trials and triumphs are no longer external to himself, for they are formed of the tissue of his personal experience.

The guide and patron of the Neophyte, his spiritual Father, the Hierophant and High Priest of the Mysteries, is an Adept who has mastered the theurgic art (from the Greek *theourgia*, divine work). "The Neo-Platonists of the

school of Iamblichus were called Theurgists, for they performed the so-called 'ceremonial magic' and evoked the *simulacra* or the images of the ancient heroes, 'gods,' and daimonia (divine spiritual entities). . . . They did it simply by the liberation of their own astral body, which, taking the form of a god or hero, served as a *medium* or vehicle through which the special current preserving the ideas and knowledge of that hero or god could be reached and manifested" (*Theosophica Glossary*, 305–306). In the same section, Madame Blavatsky comments upon "the perfect identity of rites and ceremonial between the oldest Brahmanic theurgy and that of the Alexandrian Platonists."

As Iamblichus suggests, the sacred rites have significance only in so far as the Neophyte participates actively in them, identifying the process of Initiation with the life of his own soul. When that identification is completed in a certain measure, the outer forms of the ritual are no longer necessary to his progress, though he may continue to use them for the purpose of instructing others. "Our present treatise does not ordain laws for the perfected man, for he is superior to all laws of this kind; but it promulgates a rule to those who are in want of a certain divine legislation. . . . And, indeed, the experience of liberation comes to very few, and we must be satisfied if it is known only when the sun of life is setting" (V, 22). It has been supposed that in this passage, Iamblichus specifically refers to Plotinus, who seemed to his contemporaries to possess *innately* the power of passing directly and without external aid from the common life of man to a state of union with the One Self, the Immortal,—as if his Higher Ego had undergone the preparatory ordeals of Initiation in a previous life.

The *De Mysteriis* may be roughly divided into three parts. First, Iamblichus sketches an outline of cosmogony which provides the basis for his teaching concerning the divine potentialities within human life. Secondly, he designates the true Mysteries as the agency which brings those divine potentialities to fruition. He limits himself to abstractions when he refers to them directly, having no right to publish concrete details of the sacred rites. Like Madame Blavatsky, he illustrates the potency of "ceremonial magic" by an analysis of oracles, of divination and prophetic dreams, of sacraments and sacrifices, and other exoteric phenomena and practices of his age. Finally, he considers the indispensable qualities of mind and heart which are required before a Master of the theurgic art will consent to accept an applicant for Initiation.

The argument of the *De Mysteriis* rests upon the conviction that knowledge of the Divine exists and is attainable. 'An innate knowledge of the Gods is co-existent with our very being; and this knowledge is superior to all judgment and deliberate choice. It subsists prior to reason and demonstration. It is united interiorly from the beginning to its cause, and is of one nature with the inherent longing and impulse of the soul towards the Good. Indeed, to speak truly, the contact with Divinity is not knowledge (in the usual sense of the word), for the knower is, in a certain manner, separated from the object of knowledge by a sense of 'otherness.' Superior to this lower form of knowing, which is as of one individual having knowledge of another, there is an

intimate union in which the knower is indistinguishable from the known. . . . Nor is it proper to put this union to the proof, as if we had authority to judge and to reject; for we are encompassed by it, or rather we are filled by it, and the very self-hood which we are, we possess in this knowing of the Gods" (I, 3).

It should be recalled that in Platonic terminology, the Good (*to Agathon*) has a connotation which is not usually suggested by the English word, "good". It signifies for each being the ideal end of its evolution, which is also the real object of its desire. Thus the Good is both the efficient and the final cause of the Universe, the substance of which things are made and the energy which moves them. All things seek the Good as the plant seeks to realize the "form" latent in the seed; but, not until the human kingdom is reached, can the Good be *known* as the object of desire, or contemplated apart from its innumerable reflections in the mirror of Nature. Man has the power of loving the Good for its own sake, as it is loved by the Gods.

"There is the Good, both that which is beyond Essence and that which exists through Essence. By Essence I mean that which is most ancient, most venerable, incorporeal. To exist through that Essence is the illustrious prerogative of the Gods, and being present in its fulness in all the Gods, that Essence preserves their Order nor can they be separated from it" (I, 5). Iamblichus distinguishes between "the impersonal and, in philosophy, unmanifested Logos" and "Cosmic Ideation, MAHAT or Intelligence, the Universal World-Soul, the Cosmic Noumenon of Matter, the basis of the intelligent operations in and of Nature" (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1888; I, 16). Thus we find Iamblichus saying: "From the unmanifested One, the Supreme God . . . caused Himself to shine forth, and hence He is self-engendered and sufficient unto Himself. He is the First Principle of the Gods, the Monad which proceeds from the ineffable One. . . . Therefore, he is called *Noëtarch*, Prince of Spiritual Intellection" (VIII, 2).

No human soul can ascend from physical existence to the unmanifested One without the mediation of the manifested Logos; for though all creatures are the One in their inmost being, their consciousness is active upon planes more or less removed from the state of direct awareness of the One. Moreover, the principles of active human consciousness are described in Neo-Platonic psychology as derivatives or emanations of the manifested Gods and of the hosts subordinate to them. The same idea is unfolded at great length in *The Secret Doctrine:* "Collectively, men are the handiwork of hosts of various spirits; distributively, the tabernacles of those hosts; and occasionally and singly, the vehicles of some of them. . . . Alone, the Divine Ray (the Atman) proceeds directly from the One" (I, 222, 224).

In theosophical terminology, the Gods of Iamblichus may be regarded as in one sense identical with the higher principles of human consciousness, Atma-Buddhi-Manas; and human nature becomes divine in so far as these higher principles become self-conscious. But also the Gods constitute the host of the Logos, creating and encompassing the Cosmos, and grouped, according to a hierarchical order, from the Demiurge of the Macrocosm to the Regents of man-

kind. Thus they may be identified, on one plane of the hierarchy, with the highest Dhyan Chohans of the Eastern Wisdom, and, on another, with the Masters who supervise the souls of men.

The Gods realize in their consciousness the supreme ideal of mystical aspiration. A God is an individual being, but also he is one with all other Gods. This is possible, Iamblichus affirms, because their powers of perception and will are not limited by matter. Their "bodies" are aids and not hindrances, for they are not defined by the conditions of our physical existence in space and time. A God may always be present anywhere and everywhere without diminution of his consciousness at any point.

"The Divinities of the highest order always have a superabundance of power. In this way, those who are superior to matter are present with the beings which belong to matter, but not after the manner of the world of matter. Let no one be astonished . . . that there should be a certain substance which is pure and divine. For this matter originates with the Father and Demiurge of the Universe, and possesses a completeness that makes it a proper receptacle of divine consciousness" (V, 23). The Gods "are not, like ourselves, encompassed by their bodies, but on the contrary they encompass their bodies with their own divine lives and energies; they are not drawn down by attachment into their bodies, but they possess bodies which have been drawn up towards the Divine Cause. Thus the body of a God does not interfere with his spiritual and incorporeal perfection, nor does it constitute an obstacle to perception by intervening between the perceiving consciousness and the object perceived. . . . A divine body is, indeed, very closely akin to the incorporeal essence of the Gods, for the matter of a divine body is of one substance and undivided" (I, 17). In brief, the divine consciousness has a vehicle of limitless potency, but it is in no sense conditioned by this vehicle. Our minds are ill-equipped to imagine such a relationship between "spirit" and "matter." We can only conceive it in negative terms by contrasting it with our own tragic lot, for "the human soul is in the body as in a prison or a tomb."

Iamblichus follows the Neo-Platonic tradition defining creation as emanation. As the ineffable and hidden Good "overflows", and the energy radiated becomes the Divine Host, or the Creative Logos, so the Logos "overflows", and its emanation becomes the Hierarchy of the Dæmons.

"The race of Dæmons causes the invisible excellence of the Gods to become visible in operation. By their agency, the ineffable is spoken, the formless shines forth in visible images, and that which is above reason is translated into that which is intelligible. Receiving from the Gods the gift of beauty, the Dæmons transmit it freely to the entities of lower rank. This intermediate race establishes a bond between the Gods and (physical) natures. They bind together the higher and the lower in a continuous series, being the vehicles through which an outgoing influence descends from the higher to the lower and a reciprocal influence ascends from the lower to the higher" (I, 5).

It may have been noticed already in the quotations given from Madame Blavatsky, that in one place she defines "Dæmons" as "elementals", and that,

in another, she refers to "Daimonia" as "divine spiritual entities". Iamblichus uses the term, Dæmon, in many different senses. Clearly, it was not his purpose to unveil the Mysteries, but simply to suggest reasons for a belief in their existence. So, in one place, when speaking of Dæmons, he evidently means "elementals", in another place his definitions recall the Pitris of *The Secret Doctrine*, in another, Angels, in another, the "shells" and "elementaries" of theosophical literature, in another, Nature-Spirits, and in yet another, devils. It is a method which has the merit of supplying valuable exercise for the intuition!

Like other occultists, Iamblichus affirms the fundamental proposition that the Universe is embodied consciousness, that the noumenon of every phenomenon is an act of consciousness. The act of consciousness which originated in the Logos is said to be conveyed through a descending series of dæmonic "lives" into the depths of Nature, where it becomes manifest as a concrete form. The relative perfection of the form is determined by the nature of the Dæmons who have projected it; for there are innumerable races of Dæmons, some of them very near to the divine source of their life, and others far removed, in whom the light of the Gods burns feebly and intermittently.

The Dæmons have a special relationship to man which may be illustrated by the Neo-Platonic version of the myth of Narcissus. According to this allegory, Nature is the mirror in which the soul reflects itself. The Dæmons, the "lives" of Nature, clothe the reflection with substance and endow it with form and psychic vitality. "The Dæmons draw souls down into Nature" (II, 5). Falling in love with its mirrored beauty, the soul "descends into generation." An interaction is set in operation between the soul and its image or vehicle, and the product of this interaction is human self-consciousness, individualized and responsible.

Iamblichus clearly distinguishes between the real or higher soul which is of divine essence, and its image, the reflected or lower soul, which participates in the dæmonic consciousness. He further identifies the dæmonic consciousness with the planetary influences studied by astrologers: "As the Egyptian scriptures have stated, man has two souls. One is derived directly from the First God and shares His creative power; but the other is generated by the revolutions of the planets. The soul which descends from the orbs in the sky is affected by their periodic motions; but that which is noëtic or divine, transcends the forms of birth and death. Attaining liberation from fate, it ascends to the Gods" (VIII, 6).

As the Gods need the dæmonic energies to create the Cosmos, so the higher soul needs the dæmonic energies of the lower soul, in order that it may manifest and realize its divinity. To that end, man must effect the transmutation of the actual form of the personality into a form more adequately reflecting the essence of his higher soul. In the language of theurgy, he must no longer allow his will to be dominated by the "genii of the earth", who build the form of the mortal, for he has the prerogative of attracting to his sphere the higher Dæmons who build and preserve the form of the Immortal.

This prerogative he possesses by virtue of the essential identity of the higher soul with the Gods. According to Iamblichus, the aspirant is guarded and instructed by a special class of beings, the Demi-Gods or Heroes. The Hero, in one sense, is the son of an immortal father and a mortal mother,—a very significant symbol; in another sense, he has attained relative liberation and enlightenment, remaining in sympathetic contact with mortal natures.

"The essence of the Hero is Life and Reason; he is the conductor of souls. It is said of the Dæmons that they preside over Nature and fertility, and that they form the bond uniting the soul to the body. But it is requisite to attribute to the Heroes a (higher) order of life-giving power, for they are the leaders of mankind and they are liberated from the dominion of generation and change" (II, 1).

It would seem that the following sentence of *The Secret Doctrine* expresses the same idea in another set of terms: "In its qualitative and physical aspect it (mankind) is the direct progeny of the 'Ancestors,' the lowest Dhyanis, or Spirits of the Earth; for its moral, psychic and spiritual nature, it is indebted to a group of divine Beings" (I, 224).

The Egyptians, says Iamblichus, "do not contemplate the Divinity with the reasoning faculty alone, for they teach that by means of the sacred rites the aspirant may identify himself with the higher and more universal nature, and may establish himself in a state of being superior to fate, uniting himself with the Creative Power of the Demiurge" (VIII, 4).

The sacred rites of the theurgic art are as different from any exoteric religious ceremony as light is from shadow. In every religion the priest claims to be the vicar or representative of his God, but no man can perform the veritable sacred rites unless he be consciously one with the God whom he evokes. The rites of every religion are supposed to have some sort of divine sanction, but the sacred rites have no effectiveness unless they be *lived* and inwardly comprehended by the officiant. Understanding of this order implies much more than mental apprehension. It is the direct knowledge which proceeds from union with the object of knowledge. Therefore, moral and physical purity must be assured, before the candidate is allowed to present himself for Initiation.

Theurgy is, in one sense, the art of divine evocation. The theurgist differs from other men, because he acts with far greater awareness and intensity, and because he evokes beings who are unmoved by the meditations of others. It is a verifiable fact that all men are always practising some form of evocation, for no man can identify himself with any function of his heart or mind or body without re-enforcing that function by the assimilation of forces external to his personal self. Mob psychology is, indeed, a study of this very process, for each entity in a mob is "possessed" by demoniacal forces which are akin to certain elements of his normal personality, though they are attracted to his sphere of consciousness only when the aggregation of a mob generates a certain type of psychic "magnetism." But though every one is an evocator, very few practise evocation with any understanding or deliberate intent. It is, doubtless,

fortunate that this is so, for the pure alone can see God, and there is presumably a solid basis of fact underlying the fable of the sorcerer's apprentice who could call spirits from the vasty deep but could not get rid of them.

"It is requisite to understand that the Universe is one creature, and that the parts of it are separated by place or position, yet, through the possession of a common nature, sympathize with one another" (IV, 12). Because of the oneness of the world, every entity corresponds in some measure to every other. "When the evocator arouses the physical powers of the Cosmos, an involuntary gift of energy from those powers ensues, though he who receives the gift may pervert it to base ends. . . . Things which are far distant in space from one another, are caused to co-operate by the harmony of the world. If one who understands this to be true, should endeavour with wicked intent to blend the energies of (dæmonic) entities, these entities are not the real cause of the evil which follows; but the audacity of man and his transgression of the order of the world, pervert things which are in essence excellent and lawful" (IV, 10).

The difference between white and black magic is determined by the motive of the evocator. The black magician forms a liaison with evil Dæmons, or rather—to interpret Iamblichus' meaning more accurately—he impresses his evil motive upon the plastic nature of the lower or more material of the Dæmons, who are themselves irresponsible, but who may be drawn into the current of the sorcerer's will. The white magician, or theurgist, uses the sacred rites to awaken the consciousness of his higher soul, and to unite his undivided self with the One Self of the Gods. St. Paul spoke as a theurgist when he said, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me" (*Galatians*, II, 20).

Theurgy, says Iamblichus, "does not originate with the body or its passions, . . . nor is it acquired by a certain art, externally acquired, concerning things related to the life of the body; for the whole authority of it is derived from the Gods and the art of its operations is imparted by them" (III, 1). The real officiants in the Mysteries are the Gods who are the "Fathers in Heaven" of the Initiates, and who can participate, because the "atmosphere" of the ceremonies is so pure that "the Divinities can be present without leaving their own place." "When the soul is united with the Gods, it then receives the richest plenitude of spiritual knowledge, whence proceeds divination by means of divine dreams, the wisdom which apprehends what has been and what will be. . . . Thus in the temples of Æsculapius, diseases are healed through the agency of dreams sent by the God" (III, 3).

As has been said, Iamblichus describes the abstract nature of the sacred rites, but he does not give concrete details. "The rite copies the order of the Gods, both the unmanifested and the manifested. It contains the eternal measure of the things which are, and shows forth the admirable signatures of the Demiurge whereby things of an ineffable nature are unfolded into light by arcane symbols" (I, 21). One recalls various references to the sacred dances of antiquity, which are said to have illustrated certain correspondences between the Cosmos and man. We read in *Isis Unveiled:* "The dance per-

formed by David round the ark was the 'circle-dance' said to have been prescribed by the Amazons for the Mysteries. Such was the dance of the daughters of Shiloh and the leaping of the prophets of Baal. It was simply a characteristic of the Sabean worship, for it denoted the motion of the planets around the sun" (II, 45).

The sacred rites contain two indispensable elements: sacrifice (*thusia*) and prayer (*euchē*). Iamblichus illustrates their value and meaning by reference to the counterparts of true sacrifice and prayer in exoteric religions. For example, he considers the nature and theory of animal sacrifice as practised in the temples.

The crude justification of animal sacrifice has been based on the notion that the savour of the roasted flesh is pleasing to the "God" or Dæmon to whom it is offered. Iamblichus suggests that there is actually an affinity of nature between certain Dæmons and certain animals, and that these Dæmons, who are of a base order, can be drawn yet closer to the earth by the "dedication" of the animals which are "sacred" to them. For these practices, with their ramifications in black magic, the theurgist has only loathing and contempt; but they may nevertheless be discussed as examples of the power accumulated by all sacrificial ceremonies, both good and evil. The priest who slays the animal victim perverts the arcane ritual in which the animal nature of the neophyte is immolated.

"In the veritable sacrifice," says Iamblichus, "all is burned and utterly consumed and changed into the pure and subtle substance of fire. For the Superior Races rejoice in the extirpation of matter by means of the fire which makes us like unto themselves. We become like unto the Gods, as solid and resistant substances are transformed by fire into bodies which are luminous and tenuous. By means of the sacrificial fire we ascend to the fire of the Gods, as all fire rises to fire, leading and drawing upwards those energies which drag us downward when they are in opposition to the divine and celestial essence" (V, 11).

It may be suggested that there are certain meanings in this passage which do not appear on the surface, for *fire* seems to have been the universal symbol of the creative power in all its phases and upon all planes. Thus in the Greek myth, the Titan Prometheus, the "discoverer of fire", is the real creator of man. "Prometheus . . . finds his prototype in the Aryan Mâtarisvan, a divine . . . personage associated with the fire-god of the Veda, Agni . . . Mati, in Sanskrit, is 'understanding,' and a synonym of MAHAT and *manas*, and must be of some account in the origin of the name; *Pramati* is the son of Fohat, and has his story also" (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 413–414).

In his letter to Anebo, Porphyry expresses doubt as to the efficacy of prayer. "Pure spiritual essences cannot be allured", he says, adding that all supplications addressed to the Gods are useless.

The answer of Iamblichus is here quoted at some length. It may be compared with Madame Blavatsky's statement that true prayer is not the formulation of an "outward petition to an unknown God as the addressee," but

"*will-prayer*, and it is rather an internal command than a petition" (*The Key to Theosophy*, 45).

Iamblichus writes: "I affirm that the first stage of prayer[2] should be *recollection*, a collecting of our thoughts which brings us into contact with the Divine-The second stage is to realize the bonds of concordant union between the Gods and ourselves. . . . The third and most perfect stage is the seal of ineffable union with the Divinities in whom is established the full power and authority of our prayer, and thus the soul is brought to rest in the Gods as a ship which enters a sheltered port. . . . The adoration of the suppliant admits him into the friendship of the Gods, offering him three fruits which are, indeed, the three golden apples of the Hesperides. The first is *illumination;* the second is *triumphant effort;* the third is *the plenary reception of the divine fire*. . . . The sacred rites cannot take place without prayer. Continual exercise in prayer nourishes our spiritual or noëtic nature, and makes the reception-chambers of the soul vastly more spacious for the Gods to enter. Prayer is the divine key which opens the *arcana* of the Gods. It accustoms us to the splendid rivers of supernal Light; it quickly perfects the inmost recesses of our being and disposes them for the ineffable embrace and contact of the Gods; nor should we then desist until we have been raised to the summit of all. Prayer gradually and silently improves the manners of the soul, divesting it of everything outlandish and foreign to the Divine, and it clothes us with heavenly beauty. Leading us to an indissoluble communion and friendship with the Gods, it cultivates in us a divine love, and lights up the divine part of the soul. Whatever is of an opposing and contrary nature in the soul, it expiates and purifies; it expels whatever tends to descend into matter, until there remains no vestige of the dregs of mortality in the ethereal and luminous spirit. In brief, those who are exercised in the discipline of prayer may be called *Companions of the Immortals*" (V, 26).

In an earlier passage, Iamblichus asserts that though one God is, in particular, the addressee of every prayer, no prayer is perfect which conceives this God as a rival of his brethren. "All who are lovers of theurgic truth, will acknowledge this fact, that our piety should not be exercised towards the Gods partially or imperfectly" (V, 21). As has been said, "the Master-Soul is One."

The theurgist who prays to the Gods is thus a co-operator with Nature in the process of "clothing his own . . . astral body with the appearance of its Higher Ego." To that end, as is stated in *Light on the Path*, he must "play the lord over all things save his own divinity." This suggests why he asks no personal favours in his prayer, why this does not take the form of a private petition. It also suggests why theurgic prayer is one with the mystical power to command. When desire for "self" has been vanquished, the Initiate becomes the subject of new desires which can be gratified, for they are one with the creative love of the Gods which overcomes all obstacles. "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall

[2] The Greek word *euchē*, had three correlated meanings which cannot be expressed by any single English term. It signified prayer or supplication, aspiration, and a vow or resolution.

give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (*John*, IV, 14).

We can understand, in some measure, one of the reasons for the secrecy which surrounds the study of practical occultism. The theurgist creates, as the Gods create, by commanding that class of the Dæmons who may be said to embody and to exfoliate his thought. The most terrible failures in the history of the Mysteries have resulted, according to Iamblichus, from the efforts of individuals to gain power over the Dæmonic Host before their desire and imagination had been purified.

"Because certain men are excluded by their impurity from an association with noble beings, they form a connection with evil spirits, are filled with the worst kind of inspiration, become debased, unholy, intoxicated with vicious desires, . . . in short, they become similar to the depraved Dæmons with whom they commune" (III, 31). These Dæmons, which suggest the "shells" and "elementaries" of theosophical literature, impersonate the Gods and Heroes, reflecting themselves as "spectral forms" upon this plane. One recalls the phenomena of necromancy, the "materializations" of a spiritualistic *séance*.

The theurgist, however, directs the higher orders of Dæmons, which he attracts to his sphere of action by the assimilation of his life to the creative current which proceeds from the Gods. "From such a man the depraved Dæmons depart, and when they are present, they are entirely subjugated" (III, 31).

"The Gods, and those beings which are more excellent than ourselves, through the love of the beautiful and from an overflowing fulness of Goodness, benevolently impart to those that are worthy, such things as are fit for them; for the Gods observe with compassion the labours of the aspirant, and they are made joyful by the sight of him whom they have begotten, nourished and instructed. . . . In all theurgic operations, the Initiate sustains a two-fold character; one, indeed, in which he ranks as a man and preserves the order of human nature in the Universe; the other in which he is united, by divine rites, with beings more exalted than the human. It is conformable to this dual character that the theurgist should invoke those more excellent and universal beings with humility, in so far as he is a man; and again that he should command the powers of Nature, because, in a certain sense, he is invested by the potency of the arcane symbols with the sacred form of the Gods" (IV, 1, 2).

It is apparent that certain qualities of mind and heart must become active before the neophyte can be trusted with the secrets of Initiation. The soul must acquire the faculty of living its own life; or, to state the same idea in other terms, man must transfer his sense of self-identification from the vehicle of the soul (the personality) to the soul (the individuality). The centre of self-consciousness must be detached from the "personal Dæmon" and lifted above the "dominion of fate" by meditation upon the beauty and perfection of the Gods.

According to Græco-Roman astrology, which was derived from very ancient Chaldæan and Egyptian sources, everyone received at birth a guardian Dæmon.

Iamblichus, accepting this teaching, suggests that a profound meaning is hidden within its verbal expression. "This is the truth concerning the personal Dæmon. He does not come to us from one part of the sky (as some astrologers pretend) nor from any one of the visible Elements. From the whole world, from the infinitely varied life contained therein, from the progressively differentiated substance through which the soul descends into generation, a certain unique portion is distributed to each part of our nature according to the ruling disposition of each individual. The Dæmon is present as paradigm or exemplar before the soul incarnates. As soon as the soul chooses the Dæmon as director, he begins to preside over the life of the soul and unites it with a body. . . . He also governs the personal nature of the soul and imparts to us the faculty of practical reason. Thus we perform such things as he suggests to our minds and he continues to govern us until by the theurgic art we obtain a God as our guardian and leader. Then the Dæmon yields his regency to a Superior and becomes the servant of a Divine Overlord" (IX, 6).

In various sections of the *De Mysteriis*, Iamblichus describes the state of the soul which has entered "the ray of knowledge." This state he calls *eudaimonia*, which we may translate as felicity or bliss.

Porphyry, he argues, overstresses the intellectual element in contemplation. True bliss is only experienced by him who knows the truth through an immediate intuition, as a man is directly aware of his own phases of consciousness. "It is the power of the voiceless symbols, which are recognized by the Gods alone, that establishes theurgic union. We cannot effect this merely by thinking about it" (II, 11).

"I say that the divine man who was formerly united with the Gods and who beheld them, afterwards took up his abode in a lower soul that is adapted to the body, and in this way he became a prisoner fettered with the bonds of necessity and fate. Hence, we must consider how he may be liberated. There is no dissolution of those bonds other than the knowledge of the Gods. The liberated man is present with Divinity; the lower man is inseparable from the mortal nature. The former comprehends the essence of the spiritual Cosmos; the latter . . . comprehends only the idea of his own body. The former knows the Father; the life of the latter is a continuing oblivion of Him. The former preserves the being of the Soul and leads it back to the Father; the latter is drawn down into this material existence which is never permanent but always flowing. The theurgic gift of felicity is called, indeed, the gate to the Demiurge of the Universe, to the throne or palace of the Good. . . . Then also it fixes the consciousness of the soul in the whole creative essence of God. And this is the doctrine of the return of the soul, as it is revealed by the sacred rites of the Egyptians" (X, 5, 6).

The entire process of manifestation may be regarded as a conspiracy on the part of Heaven, inducing the souls which have "fallen" to resume their ancient dignity. "In the beginning, it was God who sent souls hither, in order that they might return to Him" (VIII, 8).

Stanley V. LaDow.

TWO DAYS IN MOROCCO

IT was a dazzling day. The Straits were an opalescent, flowery blue. On one side the high, barren lands of Spain faded away into the distance, and on the other the jagged peaks of Africa rose fantastic, like the mountains of the moon.

We had landed that morning at Gibraltar, and after New York and a week at sea, this was unbelievably lovely.

The "Gebel Djersa," the boat that plies between Gibraltar and Tangiers, was neatly British. A white-coated steward was already walking around the deck, ringing the bell for tea. Oh, that unmistakable odour of an English dining saloon! Faint whiffs of bacon, stale plum cake and tea!

We were joined at the table by two charming young Englishmen, and, after passing them the fly-blown sugar and the plum cake, we fell into conversation. The result of the last election had just reached Gibraltar, and the Labour Party had come into power. Strange to say, these were not the usual young Englishmen who bemoan the war and wish Mr. Trotzky were sitting in Buckingham Palace. No, No! They held the right opinions, *our* opinions. They said they were about to be taxed out of existence, but they believed in hanging on to the British Empire, King and Country.

I relate this, not because it has anything to do with Morocco, but because all this time we were still in our ordinary, everyday world. It was only when we went on deck off Tangiers that this world fell away.

Tangiers has no pier or mole. Ships stand off in the Strait, and passengers go ashore on a tender. And such a tender! A strange, flat craft manned by Sinbad the Sailor. Already a swarm of people of doubtful nationality, laden with straw hampers and tied-up bundles, were swarming down from the third-class deck. A few dead sheep were piled up pleasantly in an open space.

We swarmed down our ladder and were convoyed to a seat by Sinbad, a magnificent creature with a red fez and sash, large ragged bloomers, and bare legs. We sat on the roof of a cabin, with our feet braced against the deck rail, and as the tender leaped across the billows, the spray dashed up over us.

At the dock, a small, rickety, wooden structure, our Guide took us in hand. He was a Moor and wore a red fez with a white turban, a white selham or burnous over a long coat of a delicious rose, and a pair of red leather babouches. The custom-house had all the confusion of a French *douane*, but Kombark, our Guide, rushed us through it with vertiginous efficiency, and out to a taxi. Arabic is a very guttural language, and whatever he said to the various beggars and to the boys of other hotels sounded worse, I hope, than it was.

Our hotel, the Villa de France, was up on a hill, and when the maid pushed open the shutters of our rooms, the splendours and miseries of Tangiers lay spread before us.

Below, the garden, with live oaks, mimosa, palms, bamboo, bougainvillea and masses of flowers; then, the city which cascades down hills into the glittering blue of the Straits, with Spain another blue line in the distance between them and the sky. Below our garden, next to the Consulat de France, was a "donkey hotel." We could look down into its patio as though looking down the ages into the stable at Bethlehem. The braying of the donkeys mingled with the roar which rose from the city, an extraordinary roar like that which one hears in the volutes of a conch shell, but as loud as all the Seven Seas. The roar, not of our own city, which is noise—metal on metal, motor horns, machines—but the roar of life.

Kombark appeared at our door and announced that if we so pleased, he would plan the rest of our day for us. Kombark's manners were perfect. He was calm, quiet, aloof and determined. We followed him docilely through the garden and down the hill to the Souk. . . . The Souk! Magic word.

I had never had any great desire to see the near East. Persia, yes, Cities of Romance like Ispahan or far Samarkand, but the Arab seemed to me rather a dreary personage, and his life as monotonous as Doughty's great work, "Arabia Deserta." My prejudice came also, no doubt, from the captions on the pictures of the "National Geographic Magazine."

Those who know say that Morocco is the last stronghold of Mahometan civilization, and that he who would see its living splendours must go there. Of course, Tangiers is an international city, and not like Fez or Rabat.

Nevertheless, here we are plunged at once into the Arabian Nights. The Souk de Barrios is a large square paved with cobblestones. This was a market day. Merchants sat on the ground with their wares heaped about them, vegetables, eggs, flowers and herbs, and the crowds circulated quietly around. Such colour! The men wear the red fez, with a white turban if they are married. They wear a large selham of white, or a djellaba of loosely woven brown, run with coloured threads. Under this is a beautifully cut coat of cloth of the most exquisite shades, pink, rose, red, mauve, cobalt, yellow. This coat is braided with coloured braids and gold and silver. They wear baggy trousers and the elegant red or lemon yellow leather babouches. Physically they are magnificent creatures, tall and handsome, and never having deformed their feet in shoes, they walk like Gods. One may see an Ethiopian all in shades of red, a descendant of the Prophet clad from head to foot in leaf green, or a Jew all in black, for even the Jews look well here, and one has some faint inkling of what they might be if they had not turned their backs on their birthright. Of course, the real beauty of these people comes from their inner poise. They are quiet, dignified, intensely alive but well controlled.

All sorts of entertainments were going on in the Souk. We stopped first to watch a conjurer. He was a wild-looking, emaciated Arab with long scalp locks waving about like the snake he took from a wicker basket. This snake darted about on the ground until he seized it in one hand. Then he allowed the snake to bite his arm. Blood drops oozed from the wound. He put the snake back in the basket and wiped the wound with a bit of straw. This straw he

held in his hands and blew upon, and lo! the straw burst into flames! Miracle! We all saw it was a miracle!

Then we went to listen to the old blind Story Teller. He had a beautiful, finely carved face. Around him, in the first rows, the men sat motionless upon the ground, and behind them stood rows of listeners. Doubtless they had heard this tale a hundred times before, but, as with the child who wishes to hear the story of Little Black Sambo every night before going to bed, familiarity only adds to delight. One has the impression that these men listen with an intensity of concentration unknown to our audiences. They are not ashamed of being amused or interested in childish stories. They don't care what people are thinking about them. It is profoundly restful.

Then we stood in the circle around the musicians. Several old men sat playing on strange little instruments, while a boy sang and danced, accompanying himself with brass castanets.

People stood a while, and moved away quietly. Heavily laden little donkeys stepped delicately through the press. Although there was a crowd, no one pushed, no one hurried. What a contrast with a street in New York where young men knock one aside and young women walk up one's back! where everyone is in a tearing hurry all the time for no reason at all!

Travellers speak of the misery, the squalor, the poverty of Eastern cities. They must be very dull not to see that poverty is a point of view, and that when the inner life of a man is rich and his soul is serene, he possesses the earth and needs no purple cloak as an advertisement of it.

Here, one sees people sitting in the dust, but they are not humiliated. They do not lose their self-respect because, while, to be sure, the ground was the first thing to sit on, an arm chair is more respectable. An immense interest in life animates them, and raises them above such trifles.

We went through the "modern" market, a covered place, where vegetables, fruits and flowers make a rich display, and then to a shop where they sell Moroccan leather work, brasses, and so forth.

The merchant was a large, quiet, bearded person. He spoke neither French nor English, but a few words of Spanish. Kombark did all the bargaining for us. He felt keenly that bargaining is the pleasure of a purchase. Then the merchant offered us tea. His boy brought it in on a great chased brass tray, and placed for us the large leather cushions.

This was our introduction to Moorish tea, for which we developed such a passion that we invented thirsts at all hours and in all places. Moorish tea is China tea infused with fresh mint and sweetened. I don't know why it has not been introduced among our "soft drinks," for it is delicious and tonic.

We sat around drinking and exchanging American cigarettes for the local "Régies," and carrying on a polite if limited conversation.

The Moors have perfect manners. Their outer conduct of all the affairs of life is regulated by the Quaida, a code of etiquette. Strange as it may seem, they still observe it. Everyone, descendant of the Prophet, merchant, artisan and beggar, has the same code of exquisite courtesy. As the Tharaud brothers

say, it makes life "d'une grande douceur." I cannot resist quoting from their beautiful book on Fez, describing the three days of a wedding feast:

"I am well aware that the first day of the fête had a different character from the succeeding days; there were the same songs, the same inexhaustible cooking, but with the guests there was an indefinable something more immaculate, more white in the woollen garments, more white in the beards, more unctuous in the gestures, more discreet in the glances, more silent in the voices. Although, during these three days, there did not cease to reign a politeness always smooth as the water of a pool that nothing disturbs, there was, however, this day, I remember well, in this politeness, that disconcerting character always possessed by a thing when it attains perfection. These guests of the first day were the glory, the honour of Fez, the Chorfa and the Oulema, the religious aristocracy and the aristocracy of learning. To them, not even in China, could any one, I am sure, teach anything about the accent of a compliment, the measure of a bow, the indifference with which they know how to receive a kiss on the shoulder or on the hand, the simple and magnificent manner, if one be a Cherif, of carrying in one's veins the blood of Mahomet, or if one be an Oulema, the honour of commenting his words. And it was marvellous to see how all these salutations, these glances, these kisses, these polite words harmonized with the Andalusian music, itself all compliments, inflections, sighs, perpetual beginnings. The next day, another public. Notables and merchants. Oh, always very distinguished. *Tout le monde est distingué au Maroc.*"

This code does not prevent a Moor from lying, cheating or otherwise sinning, but it obliges him to do so with perfect form and grace. For my part, I feel about this as does Cunninghame-Graham, who says in his book, *Mogreb el Acksa:* "For there are those who had rather be deceived with civil manners by an Italian, than be cheated brutally by a North Briton, for the love of God."

As we wandered home through the falling dusk, people were leaving the markets laden with bunches of flowers and fresh mint. White robed women with water jars on their heads were coming from the fountains; men sat before the tiny cafés, drinking coffee, and innumerable little lights and fires were springing up.

That night Kombark took us to a coffee house. Every tourist in Tangiers has done these same things, seen these same sights. But I wish I could convey the deep impression of the *genuineness* of these things. The old Arabian life is still going on, despite the stares and smiles of the Tourist.

The coffee house is a large house in the Old Quarter. Men go there to play cards or dominoes and to talk, as to a club. We were ushered into a large room with a low divan around the walls. Behind the divan was a band of embroidered silk, and above it were hung beautiful old weapons. At one end, the room was divided from the next room only by a row of pointed arches, and below these arches, on our side, was a low dais for the musicians. Beyond the arches we could see men drinking their coffee and conversing quietly.

Presently, the musicians came in and squatted on the dais. There were six or seven of them, old men with white beards and noble, intelligent faces. They

played on the drum, the flute, the cymbals, the Kemangeh, the Rebab and the lute, and they sang old songs, songs of their lost kingdom in Andalusia and of the Holy Wars. There is something of the eternal about this music without beginning or end, with its persistent rhythms, its monotony, its polychromatic tone. Little as one understands its theory, one finds oneself craving it, unsatisfied with our own complicated art, which, one suspects, has steadily degenerated ever since Bach.

A small boy leans through the arches and listens fascinated. Graceful ewers and tiny porcelain cups are set about beside the players. How often have we seen them in Persian miniatures, and all these beauties, and our hearts burned because they could be found only in paintings of the past; but now we are part of the miniature ourselves, with our own little cup of coffee before us, while the same musicians who played for Shah Tahmasp or Sultan Boabdil, sing for us.

We went home through the narrow streets of the Old Quarter. The balconies of the white-washed houses almost met above our heads, and in the dark strip of sky between them shone enormous stars. A white veiled woman walking close to the wall, drew her veils closer and gazed at us with great dark eyes. Silence. The Arabian Nights, indeed!

Next morning, Kombark was waiting for us with horses. The men rode on high crimson velvet saddles, while I sat sideways on a large seat, my feet propped on a long board instead of a stirrup. I had running at my rein an Arab much taller than my little horse. Bare legged, bare armed, he wore a straw hat as large as an umbrella, and he directed the horses with raucous cries. He was a delightful, simple sort of giant, and when my skirts fluttered in the wind, he held them down for me with one hand.

We went out of town, past cactus hedges and walls covered with blue morning-glories, along dusty roads through little plantations of eucalyptus and live oak, in a glare of sunlight. We made a wide circle up a hill, and finally arrived in the Kasba, or citadel of the old city. Here are narrow cobbled streets where one rides under arches and catches glimpses through portals of blue-tiled court-yards.

We were a very mediæval cavalcade, with Kombark on ahead in his floating burnous, with his red velvet saddle and stirrups, and me, with a ruffled parasol and runner. In a quiet square we passed a little Arab in a bright orange garment, lying on a stone, playing the flute.

The Kasba overlooks the Straits. There is a fort, a court of Justice, a Mosque and the Sultan's palace. The white-washed walls shone blindingly in the light. On the roof of the fort a sentry all in white was silhouetted against the deep blue sky. The palace is abandoned, and only of late years has anything been done to save its crumbling splendours. It has beautiful colonnaded courts with pools of water, and tiled rooms with ceilings of carved cedar, all in the familiar style of the Alhambra.

The Moresque Style must be seen in place. Pictures give no idea of its beauty. From them one has the feeling that it is horribly complicated and detailed and tiresome. But not at all. Its delicate and exquisite details merely

relieve the great, restful bare spaces. Everything is as fresh as a flower, and the green and blue and gold tiles bring the garden indoors.

There were delightful narrow winding passages that led up and down enclosed stairways, and doors of cedar that opened into the apartments of the Favourite, and we were shown into a chamber like a blue grotto, all washed with blue, in one wall a great round opening onto the sea and sky, at this hour as blue as the morning-glories.

There is a pleasant, neglected garden with tall palm trees and a riot of flowers. The guardian picked me a bouquet of pink and purple larkspur, magenta snapdragons, little crimson pinks, and marigolds, with some sprays of mint and sweet scented herbs. Later, as we were riding through the city, an urchin came up to beg from me, and I gave him a flower. He seemed far more delighted with it than with coppers.

I next went to visit a Harem. It belonged to some public spirited official who allowed it to be visited,—perhaps in a spirit of proselytizing? In some ways a Harem seems to offer great opportunities to one who enjoys the contemplative life, but, like other institutions originally designed for our comfort, the subway, the elevated, the telephone, etc., it has become stultifying.

A magnificent young man led me up to the door of the women's quarters and handed me over to an old woman. She was very picturesquely "gotten up," with her hair in a long queue pieced out with pink and purple strings, coat tails looped up under a sash, trousers and bare feet. She took me across a patio and up a flight of marble steps that a pretty young girl was scrubbing. At the head of the steps I found the Pride of the Harem drinking out of the neck of a bottle. She was elaborately dressed in a long pale blue brocade coat covered with a white lace coat. She glared at me and I passed on. There were three large rooms, one on each side of the patio, all of them opening on the loggia. They contained a profusion of mirrors, marvellous brass beds with mosquito nettings of Nottingham lace, and piles of lace-covered mattresses. By the time I reached the third room I found the Pride of the Harem and another pleasant-looking woman putting cushions out on the floor, and preparing for a party. We exchanged a few civilities, such as Habla Espanol? Frances? Americana? Unfortunately I was not prepared for this visit or I should have brought them some bonbons and a dictionary. When I went downstairs I found a handsome, tall, thin, old lady to whom I spoke. Then the servant took me to the door and let me out.

That afternoon we took a motor and went to Tetuan. Tetuan is in Spanish Morocco in the Riff. The citadel of Abdel Krim looks down upon it from a mountain peak. The country is beautiful; high mountains, vast distances, water courses where the rose-coloured oleanders grow in masses. The road is excellent, like all modern Spanish roads. Along it are sentry boxes, and telephone lines, and one sees with surprise the Spanish soldiers with their black oil-cloth Napoleonic hats.

Tetuan has a modern quarter with gloomy barracks and a public square planted with trees and flowers, touching in its effort to be Spanish. There were

cafés under the trees, and we seized the opportunity to have some Moorish tea, for we needed restoring. There was a tremendous gale blowing and our driver had come at a speed of seventy-five kilometers an hour, in an open car. This driver was a Moor, but he believed in speed, for machines, at least.

It was market-day in the old town of Tetuan, and the glories of Oriental life were in full blast. The shops are simple, one room open on the street. They are painted white, with green shutters. One sees all the merchandise piled up along the walls and the artisans at work, cobblers with piles of crimson and lemon yellow slippers, rolls of printed cottons, Nottingham lace curtains, gauzes like the rainbow, brocaded silk garments for the women flowered like parterres, and brasses, fruits, and candies dyed the most poisonous pinks and greens and yellows. In the centre of the market-place were several wonderful brass beds with arched canopies surmounted by Imperial Crowns, coveted objects of splendour, no doubt from Birmingham.

There were lawyers listening to their clients who stand at the window of their booths and whisper, old men winding scarlet thread, scribes, sellers of charms, herds of goats, country women, unveiled, and wearing gigantic sombreros. One hears the chanting of a whole school of little boys, sitting on the floor around their teacher, learning the Koran. And all this crowd is a blaze of lovely colours.

There are Spanish soldiers everywhere. We saw a company of Moorish Cavalry, all in black, with tightly bound turbans, and long carbines across their knees, mounted on splendid horses, and followed by a few large greyhounds.

People are always telling us that Morocco is dirty. I suppose they have never seen Central Park on Sunday or strolled through a Grand Street push-cart market. Also, they mention the smells. I have read that in Chinese cities strong men of the white race when they ride forth in rickshaws hold handkerchiefs saturated with eau de cologne to their noses, lest they swoon. But, it is said, the Chinese enjoy these odours; at least, they like to know what is going on. There are antiseptic souls who dislike the rich scents of Naples; for whom it is no joy to distinguish fish fried in oil, garlic, cheese, saddle leather, incense, lemons and red wine! Marcel Proust has a long passage on the odours of a Parisian street which I often read over, and sniff with that inner nose which is one of the blisses of solitude. Not that one hankers to live, for example, in the tanner's quarter of Siena, or near the West Side slaughter houses, but I cannot help deploring the atrophy of the nose. And as to the relation of Odorigen and Jiva, what fascinating things are said in *Five Years of Theosophy!* Here, there is a blend of leather, mint, goats and dust.

On our way back to Tangiers we met a wedding procession advancing to the sound of flute and drum and cymbals. The bride was carried in a closed litter, and the men of the party were on horseback. The Moor usually rides ahead in grandeur, while his wife trudges on behind with the bundles.

The next morning, in the glittering sunshine, we left for Gibraltar. We made the perilous passage from shore to ship in Sinbad's craft, and stood upon deck looking back at the bay and Tangiers. Kombark had presented me with

an enormous bouquet of red roses and carnations surrounded with mint and herbs. Our hearts were torn as though we were leaving our native land. Swiftly the ship steamed through the blue Straits, past the mountains of Africa, and bore us away.

I once knew a young Filipino who suffered from chronic stomach trouble. In addition to this misfortune, he fell in love with a beautiful but cruel young lady, and decided to commit suicide. He swallowed six poisoned pills. Six were too many. His insides turned over with a flop, and he was cured permanently of his disease and of his passion.

Two days in Morocco, and all my ideas of civilization turned upside down and I was cured, permanently, I hope, of the illusion that we are civilized. These Moors, whom no one will hold up as paragons of virtue, have, nevertheless, a sense of the value of inner things. The Inferiority Complex, Europe's great white plague, has not yet reached them. To them the beggar in the dust and the Sultan on his throne are still sons of God; their outer prosperity is different, but nothing but their own consciousness can affect their inner dignity. Would not a sense of this cure all the evils of Bolshevism, Political Ambition and Personal Malice?

I never before had such a realization of the degeneracy and moral degradation of our modern world. How plainly I saw that its ills proceed from the belief that the external is the Real, that outer possessions are the standard of value, and that culture is dependent on bath tubs and swift moving devices. I remembered the old gentleman who solemnly assured me that the Chinese were a poor, backward race because in all the years of their existence they had never invented a railway! How true are the words of Ku Hung-Ming quoted in the July QUARTERLY: "What a fairy world there is really in the inside of the Chinaman with a pigtail and a yellow skin." And what a fairy world there is inside of the Moor, even if he doesn't wear a pot hat and a high collar!

I arose like a phoenix from the bonfire of all faith in skyscrapers, airplanes, concrete pavements, civic improvements and compulsory education! In fact, I pray daily for a Genghis Khan.

Will the hideous gloom of the "Industrial age" spread over all the earth like a pall of black smoke? Already the women of Crete go to the fountain with old Standard Oil tins on their heads. How can the Moors resist us? Can they resist the Cinema, the Fordson, the League of Nations and the travelling salesman?

But we ourselves, shall we not be finally tin-canned, radioed, gassed, bombed, Democratized, Pacifised, Bolshevised to a point where those few who survive will rise in revolt and overthrow the whole "works"? Shall we not at last crave the Real things of life so ardently that we shall be willing to die daily in a fight for them?

Can we start to fight now? What can prevent us?

SAUVAGE.

PEAKS AND VALLEYS

MUCH has been said recently in high quarters, and emphasized in the daily papers, as to the desirability of "levelling-off" the peaks and valleys of business and industrial booms and depressions; of postponing not only governmental but corporate improvements and developments until such times as general business recessions occasioned increases in unemployment, so that labour in general should no longer have to face long periods of inactivity; of "stabilizing" industry, by which is meant, among other things, the regulation of the prices of commodities, so that the farmers, and those types of business and industry which purchase commodities for use in the manufacture of their finished products, should, in the one case, be able to count upon a stable and uniform price for the staple which they sell, and, in the other, upon a resulting uniformity of the price which they have to pay for the commodity which they buy, with a resulting steadiness and lack of fluctuation in the price received for their finished articles. "Stabilization" all along the line is sought. The law of supply and demand is ignored. Where necessary, strong-arm methods are to be employed, and things are to be held as they are by sheer brute force until the desired result is attained.

The inherent unsoundness of these principles and methods, from the economic standpoint, was pointed out recently to the writer of this article in a conversation with a man whose position in the world of business and of finance, and whose native penetration and power of analysis, made his views of exceptional interest. They were *true*, from the economic standpoint, and because they were true, they held good all along the line, both up and down. To paraphrase what was said, it was suggested, among other things, that it was these very peaks and valleys, these ups and downs of industry and business, which from the earliest days in this country had afforded to individuals their opportunities and their incentives, and so had been responsible for the colossal growth of the industry of the country as a whole; that a dead level of uniformity killed aggressiveness and initiative; that the elimination of risk, that the introduction of a sense of permanent security and safety, destroyed in men all those qualities by which they developed, and inevitably checked as a result the development of those activities in which they were engaged. As a concrete example, it was suggested that, if a manufacturer once reached the point at which he paid a fixed and uniform price for the commodity which he needed, and so was able to set a fixed and uniform price for the article which he sold, this particular manufacturer would find that his business no longer made the same demands upon his time and his attention,—indeed, that it was not *possible* to devote so much time to it, or to give it so much attention, as formerly. As a consequence, he would leave affairs more and more in the hands

of subordinates and salaried officials, and would devote three days each week to playing golf instead of one day, with the inevitable result that his business would gradually dry up, as, in all probability, he would himself, because of the unprofitable use which he made of his additional leisure time. But far more interesting to students of Theosophy were the conclusions reached;—that it was not possible to "strong-arm" the law of supply and demand, the law of cause and effect (in which the writer silently but whole-heartedly concurred, as it was equivalent, in effect, to saying that one could not "strong-arm" the Law of Karma); that it was only through hardship and effort and the overcoming of difficulties that individuals grew and expanded their powers and potentialities, and that this held true for groups of individuals; that competition and warfare was the law of the universe, and if, as by the action of some huge steam-roller, the peaks and valleys *could* be reduced to a dead level, there would be taken from men, as a result, that warfare upon which the whole future progress of the race depends.

Much has been written in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, and much has been said at meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society, about war and the necessity for warfare; it has been pointed out again and again that war, as it is generally understood, is but the expression, the tangible reality on the physical plane, of that inner spiritual warfare within the minds and hearts and souls of men which has been present through the ages, and which, in the nature of things, must exist. It was interesting to hear from an informed and thoughtful individual, speaking, not in spiritual terms or in those of the inner life, but in terms of economics, a considered and authoritative expression of opinion which was so at one, looking behind and through the words, with Theosophic principle. The conclusion reached, from the point of view of modern industrial and economic conditions, was that warfare is not only necessary but essential, and, in reaching that conclusion, modern, present-day methods had been visualized and taken thoroughly into account. Do we, as members of The Theosophical Society, follow the same method, when, in order to expand and make vivid the warfare of the inner, spiritual life, we express ourselves in terms of modern war?

Often, it would seem, when we desire to do so, we speak of ourselves, or of others, as being "in the trenches", forgetting the implication which, from the strictly military viewpoint, this involves, namely, warfare like that of the "stabilization" already alluded to,—a stalemate, a position largely involved with questions of defence; something far removed, for instance, from the warfare of movement of the closing months of the Great War, when it was a question mainly of attack under open conditions, and when it was of the most vital importance to preserve at all times that mobility, that freedom of action, upon which in its turn the power and ability to attack depended. To the military mind, trench warfare evokes the recollection of that long and weary succession of months on the Western Front when initiative was at a minimum, when endurance was the essential, and when attacks were launched against limited objectives only. The warfare of movement, its rapidity of action, its

incessant demands for instantaneous perception of changing conditions, and for the adaptability to exploit them to the fullest advantage, calls up in its turn the vision of an enemy giving ground, and of the élan inspired by victory within grasp. Surely it is in these latter terms that we should think of the inner, spiritual warfare. It must be, if we are to adopt as our own that cardinal principle of Marshal Foch, "Toujours l'attaque!" Further, if we are to consider as a modern manual of the inner life, as we may, Marshal Foch's book on the Principles of War, adapting it to meet the manifold and highly complex problems of modern life and every-day living, we should bear in mind those equally complex conditions of modern warfare to elucidate which the book was written, and realize that we must think to some degree in terms of modern military strategy and modern tactics if we are to gain all that we may from its study.

When we think of war, of attack, we think as a rule in more or less "old-fashioned" terms. We think of a frontal attack in mass; of the storming of a strong-point, of an almost impregnable position; of a dashing cavalry charge thundering forward; of the glorious days of chivalry, when knights in armour met each other in hand-to-hand combat. Certainly it is true, in the inner warfare, that the hand-to-hand encounter has not gone out of fashion; is the only method to adopt, at certain times, and with certain faults and weaknesses. But it is equally true that we may persist to such an extent in a frontal attack against some particular fault, resolved at all costs to overcome it before we do anything else, that our concentration at that point may have the effect of holding up our entire inner advance. Why should we think that we must perfect ourselves in one respect before we can go forward elsewhere? Assume, for instance, that a modern commander of troops in the field were operating in a country of peaks and valleys, and that his real objective lay far beyond the ridge of strongly held hills within his immediate range of vision. Would he waste time by trying to take the hill-tops one by one? Assuredly not. At certain strategic points, he might well deem it necessary to persist in a frontal attack, for varying reasons. But elsewhere he would infiltrate his troops through the valleys, through the notches in the hills, until the line of his advance had progressed forward to such an extent that the remaining strongholds held by the enemy were no longer tenable; when this point had been reached, he would protect himself from attack in the rear, in some unguarded moment, by "mopping-up" the remaining enemy positions behind him. Can we not practise this advance by infiltration, among other methods, in our own inner warfare, until the progress made in the development of our whole nature has carried us past this or the other point of resistance which formerly held up our entire line? The method will prove successful, so long as we do not forget to do *our* "mopping up" in our rear as we go forward; and we shall also have whatever satisfaction may lie in the realization that, from a military standpoint, we have conducted our operations in a thoroughly up-to-date and modern manner. Marshal Foch insists upon mobility, freedom of action, the concentration of the greatest possible numbers of men at a given point, as essentials for success; but nowhere does he say that this given point should

be the point at which the strongest resistance is encountered. There is much food for thought in his doctrine, and the greatest possible variety of applications, depending upon the widely divergent inner needs and problems of each individual valiantly waging his own inner warfare.

Let us not think of ourselves then, as individuals, engaged only in a stand-up fight with our faults and weaknesses, returning tenaciously again and again to the assault, bruised but unbeaten. Let us think of ourselves, rather, as the Commander of an Army Corps thinks of himself,—as one who has at his command and under his control, mobile elements, units with great attacking power, and who is constantly regarding the action on his immediate front only as the present phase of an infinitely larger plan with a very definite objective. Like him, we may, in our inner warfare, be concentrating certain elements of our character and of our nature in a direct attack on a specific fault. But, if we are fighting hand to hand with fear at this point, let us not forget to attack by infiltration elsewhere; and if we can learn to love, to put the thought of other people or of a Cause ahead of the thought of ourselves, if we can learn to act *as if* we were not afraid, if we can study understandingly the cause and effect of fear in others,—we shall find ourselves advancing all along the line, and past the old point of resistance which fear imposed, as a result of this progress by infiltration.

It is easy to see why, to the average man, the thought of "levelling-off" the peaks and valleys of life; of "stabilizing" things in general and his own personal problems of one kind or another in particular; of attaining a peaceful dead-level of effort and existence, is so particularly appealing. For, to him, the *summum bonum*, the thing most to be desired, is rest. He is for ever looking forward to the time when he can "retire from business", and have more leisure to "pursue his hobby", that particular unreality which he happens to fancy. Indeed, he lives and moves and has his being, this average man, in an atmosphere of unreality. A panic comes and he loses his money; there is a death in his family of someone greatly beloved; illness attacks those near or dear to him, and, for a time, he rises to unexpected heights, shows really splendid qualities, because at last something "real" has happened and he is at his best. But he cannot hold this level, and eventually drops back again, for he lacks the permanent motive and purpose, the continuing contact with Reality.

Is it not possible for us, however, to regard with joy the fact that life is a matter of peaks and valleys? Is it not imperative that we should do so? For if we rest content with the scaling of our first hill, with the taking of our preliminary point of resistance, with the solving of what was, perhaps, our original problem, over which we had laboured for so long and with such honesty of purpose and such whole-hearted desire that only what was *right* should be done, regardless of the effect upon ourselves,—so that finally there was a response from the spiritual world, and that closer contact with the Movement and that opportunity to obtain the help on inner planes which we needed—if we rest content with this, what happens? Inevitably the enemy counter-attacks, and while we *may* hold our position, we are most likely to be forced to retire, and to sur-

render the ground which we have gained. In the inner life there is no such thing as standing still; if we do not use for further effort the help which has been extended, if we do not evoke that which our effort has given us a right to demand, we shall fall back. To demand? Yes, but not for ourselves; only that through us, through our own valour at that point in the line at which we find ourselves, the whole front of the Movement shall advance. There is no finality. It is ever the warfare of movement. And when we are advancing through the valleys, whether by infiltration or moving toward a frontal attack, let us lift up our eyes to those peaks from whence our help comes, regarding them, when gained, not as places where we may linger, but where we may obtain strength and vision for further advance. So it was with a great Master; it was when he had gone up into a mountain that he communed with the Father, and when he descended again to the valley it was with the spirit of a Warrior, to wage that warfare which is without end.

STUART DUDLEY.

The block of granite which was an obstacle in the path of the weak becomes a stepping-stone in the path of the strong.—CARLYLE.

He who would look Time in the face without illusion and without fear should associate each year as it passes with new developments of his nature: with duties accomplished, with work performed.—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

WAR MEMORIES

X

"At The Back Of The Front"

THE French *Service de Santé Militaire* had a formidable task ahead of it at the beginning of the War, for it was realized in France as perhaps never before, that an enormous percentage of the saving of life among the wounded depended upon well-organized and rapid transportation to the rear. Under normal conditions of warfare the difficulties could have been met without loss of time, but in the overwhelmingly swift advance of the German invasion, when the transportation of gigantic masses of troops was a paramount and instant necessity, it is not surprising if the *Service de Santé* found itself at first likely to be somewhat crippled, for it is a sad, if easily understood fact that when the "fit" are being rushed to the front, the wounded must often wait before they can be removed from it. One of the greatest triumphs for wartime France is the way this crisis was met and handled.

As was natural, I found that methods differed somewhat between the French and the British Army Medical Service, and, to a novice like myself, these differences appeared at first bewildering. Part of the apparent complication was due to the fact that the wounded had to be transferred through two army zones, the front and the rear, both controlled by the Commander-in-Chief, into the zone of the interior (under the direction of the Ministry of War), where most of the endless base and convalescent hospitals were situated; and the many stages through which the wounded had to pass between the trenches and these base hospitals were, to me, sealed mysteries for some time. As a matter of fact, however, it was all simple enough to understand, once you got used to it.

When first wounded, a man, if able to move at all, made immediate use of the small, first-aid kit with which every French soldier was supplied; if too badly hurt to do this for himself, he was aided by a companion or treated as quickly as possible by one of the medical officers always on duty, for every regiment, holding a set of trenches, had at least one M.O., sometimes two. The wounded man was then laid in as safe a place as possible, often quite near to the spot where he had fallen, until he could be removed by stretcher-bearers, through interminable lines of trenches, to the nearest *poste de secours*, or advanced dressing station. This might be in a dug-out belonging to that particular trench section, but if, as was not infrequently the case, the *poste de secours* was in some semi-demolished farm-house just back of the lines, the wounded man might have to lie where he was until nightfall, for the *brancardiers* could perhaps carry him there only under cover of darkness, and even then it was a hazardous undertaking. At the *poste de secours* the first "sorting-

out" began—the severely wounded from the less serious cases; they received more careful attention than had been possible at the beginning; their injuries were again dressed, perhaps hypodermic injections given, or a hot drink; diagnosis tickets (there were various colours for these) marked "urgent" or otherwise as the case might be, were tied to their coats, and they were then put into the ambulances which would be waiting, not far off. These being filled, the wounded were then started on the next lap of their journey to the rear, and this would probably be an agonizing drive, over torturingly rough ground, for the road was more than likely to have been ploughed by shells and to be full of great water-filled holes, and ambulance drivers, careful and merciful as they tried to be, could not make this part of the journey easy. Many a wounded man has told me that nothing he experienced was as hard to bear as that part of his transportation. The field hospital (a main dressing station) was the next halt, and it was generally about two or three miles back of the firing line—sometimes more, sometimes less. Here a further sorting-out took place, the men who had been ticketed "urgent" at the *poste de secours*, naturally receiving first attention, so far as was possible. Imperatively necessary operations were performed here, after which, however, all but the worst cases were again sent forward (often on the selfsame stretchers upon which they had started their journey), to the nearest railway, where there would be an evacuation hospital. Further surgical care could be given here, and acute cases taken in for a longer or shorter period, according to need. Here, too, it might be that, during a big push, there would be terrible congestion, with all the attendant suffering which that implies, for, as already said, at such times troop trains must take precedence of hospital trains. As ambulance after ambulance, loaded to its utmost capacity with blood-stained, mud-begrimed men, would come rolling in from the battlefields, the already overcrowded station might well become a place choked with the horrors of indescribable torture; the fresh troops gathering at that point on their way up to the trenches, hard to disentangle from the rows of stretchers perhaps filling the station yard and reaching along the platforms. I once saw an elderly French officer, the tears in his eyes, looking in silent, heart-torn pity on such a sight as this; the wounded themselves, always uncomplaining, patiently waiting their "turn". Fortunately, such congestion did not happen every day; under the usual conditions the wounded, able to be sent forward after a brief halt, were lifted into waiting trains, consisting largely of box cars converted as far as possible for hospital transport purposes, and in these rather harsh conveyances they were carried from the war zone into the zone of the interior, and so to the base hospitals—each man according to his particular need.

The base hospitals were, as one would expect, huge units, solid and imposing, and with more or less permanent staffs. The field and evacuation hospitals on the contrary, were very mobile, for, creeping up as close to the front line as comparative safety for the wounded inmates permitted, they could be quickly moved if that line were in danger of being pushed back. Consisting often of easily transportable *baraques*, if the order came to retire, the ambulances were

instantly on the spot to remove the wounded; *camions*, with hosts of orderlies, were there to do the rest. In a base hospital one was always conscious of a well-thought-out routine, of a certain sane respectability, not easily put to rout; in a field or evacuation hospital, almost everything that happened was unexpected, every moment was lived at the highest pitch. During a big offensive, when the wounded came pouring through these hospitals like a scarlet river in floodtide, surgeons, nurses, orderlies—the whole personnel—worked at a furious, almost superhuman pitch. The very awfulness of the moment seemed to give new force and power to those who were already worn out by overwork; there, where every minute counted in the saving of the lives of vast quantities of men hovering on the dim borderland, days and nights, tense, high-wrought, passed unnoticed by the devoted staff. The operating room became a place of high adventure as the fight with death raged on, for two minutes, more or less, might save or lose a man. The surgeons, the nurses, working with magical swiftness, yet with unhurried hands and kind, sure, skilful fingers, were a revelation of perfect accord; hardly a word spoken, not a second of time lost. The scarlet river poured on in floods; many a wounded man died even as he was being lifted on to the operating table—poor soul! well then, pass to the next! Many never got even as far as that; the mortuaries were full—rest at last for the weary, the crushed, the torn. But there was no rest for the surgeons, the nurses, the orderlies at such times, and if ever heroic work was done during the War, it was in the French *Service de Santé Militaire*, for apart from that noble self-giving, countless numbers of these men and women knew but too well that they were in hourly danger of death; countless numbers actually lost their lives as the result of deliberate bombing by the Germans—for everyone knows that *they* never hesitated to attack the Red Cross.

It had chanced that, while still in London, I heard one day from a friend in France, of the need for volunteers in some of the hospitals not far from Vitry-le-François where she then was, and it can easily be imagined that when this news was spread abroad, many of us lost no time in sending in our names—how eagerly we who were still on the other side of the Channel, longed to get to the front! Desperate fighting was in progress, the attack on Verdun having just been launched; the ghastly, never-ceasing floods of wounded were swamping the hospitals, which were wellnigh overwhelmed—almost any pair of hands could be used. The only requirements were a reasonably good knowledge of French, and a readiness to do anything—a thorough hospital training was not necessary. By great good luck I was among the fortunate, and, my services being accepted, I had as quickly as possible hurried over to Paris where I was to get my final orders.

The morning after that midnight vigil in the little church, I was up before daylight, making my simple preparations for departure to my new post, and reaching the Gare de l'Est long before the Paris-Nancy Express was scheduled to start. The station was full of movement, full of changing, if mostly sub-

dued colour—horizon-blue mingling with khaki; the dark blue, the grey, the green of women's uniforms, with here and there a touch of scarlet on the cap of some French general, on a British staff officer's uniform, or the bright, crimson splash of a Spahi tunic. My carriage was packed with men and women who were on their way to the front, either returning there, or going to it for the first time—a French aviator was talking to an ambulance driver; a hospital nurse was exchanging experiences with a canteen worker; many were animated, exhilarated; some were silent, observing; but in each and all there was an air of determination, of consecration; the air of those embarking on an enterprise of the utmost importance, and as the signal was given, and the train began slowly moving, a sudden silence fell upon us all.

My destination was Bar-le-Duc, but it was not until we were well past Meaux that I began to see changes in the beautiful countryside so familiar to me in pre-War days. As our train swept us through the districts of the Marne and the Meuse, however, the signs of war became increasingly evident—mile after mile of uncultivated fields; towns and villages depopulated or in ruin; shell-shattered church spires in the midst of large new cemeteries. One ruined town may seem, at first, to be very much like all others, but there is a difference, for while many were destroyed in the natural course of war, as many more were laid low for no reason at all, and you seem to *feel* the difference. Between Vitry-le-François and Bar-le-Duc this kind of useless destruction was but too evident, and I seem to remember particularly Sermaise-les-Bains—though I do not know why. It had once been a happy, prosperous little town; its destruction was as wanton as it was cruel; it had an air of utter desolation which was peculiar. As we sped on, I began to realize what it was like to be advancing into the war zone, for at every bridge-head and railway crossing a sentinel stood, and along all the roads, branching northward toward the region of the Argonne, great convoys of supply-lorries in endless lines, and long trains of artillery poured—the heavy guns were being rushed to Verdun. A young French officer in my carriage, evidently noticing that I had not passed that way since the unforgettable September invasion, pointed out to me some of the places where the Germans had advanced, in many cases only to retreat again hastily. At one spot he showed me a stretch which, during a fairly long period, had once been No Man's Land, and I never can forget a sight I saw there. Perhaps it was insignificant (or relatively so), but it left an indelible mark upon me—the first lonely grave of a fallen French soldier. It was out on the desolate, wind-swept wastes of a barren, unploughed field—the very spot where he had died; a rude cross was at its head, and hanging upon the cross, his *képi*, shivering in the wind. That was all, but at the moment it was the whole of France to me. Then I saw another, and another, and another, dotted here and there at distances, each in its lonely isolation, as the man himself had been, in No Man's Land when he fell. I seemed to see those men creeping noiselessly out there in the dark, solitary, unhesitating in the fearful venture; each one, as his turn came, knowing but too well that he was on the shadowy brink of Eternity. A brooding silence seemed to lie kindly on that hallowed stretch of

ground; it was like a place set apart, a place of memories which would never fade. I think that no one can have seen, for the first time, those lonely little graves of France without being deeply moved, and to hide my emotion I asked the young French officer if the most recent news from Verdun was any worse. How well I remember his quiet answer!

"*On tiendra!*" was all he said—it was the first time I had heard that famous phrase.

As we approached Bar-le-Duc where I was to leave the train, I began to get together my few belongings, and when we finally came to a halt, I lost no time in jumping down, for I wanted as quickly as possible to reach my journey's end. I was somewhat disconcerted, however, to find myself instantly swallowed up in such a crowd as I had rarely ever been in before. Anyone who chanced to pass through Bar-le-Duc in those black days of 1916, might well have thought that the entire French Army was concentrated there. Never had I seen such masses of troops in so small a space as the station and its immediate surroundings; such goings and comings of *camions*, loaded to breaking point with troops. I soon realized, however, that it was not only the French Army that I must try to thread my way through; literally thousands of refugees from the Argonne, and even as far north as the Ardennes, had been swarming in for days, for the news from Verdun was very grave; and here it was, this packed humanity—those who had just fled from, and those who were being hurried to, the centre of the gigantic struggle. I stood there wondering in which direction to move; beginning to feel very small and helpless indeed. It had been a cold, grey day, and now an early dusk seemed gathering; snow was in the air and on the ground; a sharp, cutting wind blew over the rolling hills beyond which, I knew, lay St. Mihiel; overhead, an enemy aeroplane passed, chased by two French planes; they were so low that I could distinguish the identification marks on their wings; I fancied I could hear the low, steady roar of the great guns off there to the north where Verdun lay. Death was abroad; its shadow covered us; and suddenly I felt chilled, and lost and strange —for one shameful moment I wondered why I had come! Then close beside me, a quavering voice was raised; the voice of a tired old peasant woman, driven in terror from her home—she too felt chilled and lost and strange.

"May the Good God have mercy on us—is Verdun going to fall?" she cried, seemingly addressing herself to anyone who would take pity and listen to her.

"*Jamais!*" came the quick, hearty response of a rough but kindly *poilu* standing near, "*On tiendra!*"—for the second time that day I heard the reassuring promise, and it was like a wholesome rebuke to me for my momentary hesitation. Making my way as well as I could through the densely packed throng (it was almost like trying to penetrate a solid block of stone), I got at last to the spot in the station where I had been told I should receive my further directions, and in a few minutes, having climbed into a huge Red Cross lorry, which had been sent on duty into Bar-le-Duc from the hospital to which I had "signed on", I was headed north on the Verdun road.

The environs of Bar-le-Duc, as I had known them long years before the War,

had been beautiful, with heavily wooded hills, and long, sweet, winding valleys between—wide, sunny meadows where the cowslips grew, and little shady paths, running from the lowlands up some steep hillside to lovely views which made the climb worth while. Mine was the memory of an early summer time —and now I was looking at this same countryside bleak and desolate under its covering of ice and snow; disfigured by the cruel marks of war. In that terrible September, 1914, the Germans it is true, had got no nearer than to within five miles of "Bar", as it is known familiarly, but the German shells had left their scars—I hardly recognized the land through which I was now passing. The going was slow, for both sides of the *Route Nationale*, which we had taken, were jammed with two columns of great motor lorries like our own, one column going north, the other south—in some places there seemed hardly a foot of space between the headlights of one and the rear of another. It necessitated the most careful driving, for the roads were ice-covered, broken, treacherously uneven; the overloaded *camions*, northbound, with their cargoes of troops, of shells, of food supplies, rocked and pitched; the column southbound, in which were many Red Cross ambulances, full of severely wounded men, and moving as carefully as the condition of the road would permit, flowed on—there was no break. Later I was to learn that day and night these two columns moved incessantly—one north, one south; there seemed to be few gaps in them; this rocking, tossing traffic never stopped. Crowds of refugees, also moving south, added to traffic difficulty, for most of them were very old or very young, and many of them were carrying on their backs or in their arms what they had been able to save from their abandoned homes, and all were dazed by the blow which had fallen on them. It was the same, old, pitiful sight to which one never could become reconciled. At intervals along the road, we passed groups of German prisoners, the first I had seen, working in places at repairs, P.G. (*Prisonniers de Guerre*) in great letters on their backs, with two or three French military overseers on guard. They looked worn and unkempt, as though there were a complete lack of spirit in them, and as we passed, one or two glanced at us with an air of sullen indifference. At intervals in the snow-covered fields which stretched beside the road, traces of encampments could be seen—the dark spots where warm fires had glowed for a few brief, comfortable hours through some inclement night, and near by, trampled frozen grass where horses had been tethered. There were places where, for long miles, barbed wire entanglements stretched over the moorland, telling of defensive efforts, but the little ruined villages through which we went, told their own tales of what had happened—they were cold and bare. Over toward the Hauts-de-Meuse some German bombing planes had crossed the lines, moving stealthily south in the direction of Commercy. We could see the large, white puffs of smoke from the bursting shells of the French anti-aircraft guns—those curious white puffs looking at first so solid that you think them a whole squadron of aeroplanes, until the smoke begins to dissipate, and you discover your mistake. As we got farther north, the booming of the Verdun guns grew ever louder; it sounded like the gigantic, in-rolling waves of an immeasurable

ocean, pounding on a rockbound shore—austere, majestic beyond anything I had ever heard.

Night had fallen long before we reached the little town where my evacuation hospital was, and I am not likely to forget my arrival there. A large convoy of wounded had just been brought in (straight from Douaumont, I heard someone say), though the hospital was already full to overflowing. The blood-soaked stretchers on which lay dying men, caked with icy mud, were being lifted by strong, kind hands from the ambulances, and they were being put down, outside or inside the hospital, wherever there was any space at all, so as to release the ambulances which would then return for more wounded, sure to be waiting for them. I wanted to report myself at once, but of course no one, at that moment, had any time to waste on a mere "nurse's aid" like me; I was asked to come in where it was warm, but told that I must wait—so I waited outside to watch the changing scene. At a corner of the neighbouring *Grande Route*, along which we had come, a white-painted lantern marked "Verdun" in large, black letters, with a great, black, pointing arrow underneath, shed an uncertain, sorrowful light over the blanketed, still forms all around me, and as I stood there looking at these silent men, fresh from the battle-line, I felt myself suddenly engulfed in what seemed to be the fast-rising tide of battle itself, for, like a burst of titanic thunder, the terrible bombardment of the great fortress, only a few miles distant, recommenced, after a short lull; the darkness of the night vanished as though it had never been; in a thousand flashes a minute, so it seemed, the artillery fire, the great mortars, the incendiary bombs, the occasional *fusées éclairantes* lit the sky for miles around—a wild, infernal splendour. Along the high road, the endless procession of *camions* moved on; I saw the dark shadows of passing troops, columns and columns with their equipment following—some of these were colonials, for I caught the glint here and there of a red fez—troops which were marching silently through the night hours to take their places in the line. Through the night air strange sounds came ringing, voices calling loudly, and the headlong plunge of horses' hoofs. Then, seemingly out of nowhere, down the broad road came rushing several huge batteries, the horses straining into their collars, foam-flecked with steaming nostrils, the earth over which they tore spurned by those great, flying feet; the riders firmly seated on their backs, lashing them to their utmost effort—it was as though they were charging into the face of the enemy, right into the face of death. Like a towering whirlwind they passed, and then night swallowed them again; but far along that road I still heard the mad, reckless gallop and the thudding of the guns as they pounded over the rough pavement. Then more lines of supply wagons, of Red Cross ambulances, of limbers drawn by sturdy mules; more artillery and still more—always a splendid sight—swept past; it looked invincible, and I remembered the promise which I had heard already twice that day: "*On tiendra!*" and my heart told me that this promise would be more than well fulfilled.

At last someone came to show me my billet—a narrow cubicle in a kind of shack down a small side street—where I could change into my "nurse's aid"

uniform and be ready if needed; after which I found my way back to the hospital entrance where I had stood so long on arrival. As I approached the doorway, I noticed that many of the stretchers which had been, of necessity, put down outside, had now been lifted into what I later learned was the "receiving room", and here, as I looked in, I saw that one of the doctors was passing from stretcher to stretcher, reading the diagnosis cards to see which of the wounded were marked "*gravement*", and which were not. He looked so thin and tired that I wondered how he could carry on his unending task, yet he found a kind word for each man as he reached him.

"*As-tu froid?*" I heard him say to one.

"*As-tu soif?*" he asked another—for most of the men were suffering from that intolerable thirst which always follows loss of blood.

It is never easy to explain why one thing moves us more than another—it is often the small, unexpected things of life which take us most by storm—but for some reason, the sight of all those great, water-logged, hob-nailed boots, protruding helplessly from underneath the stretcher blankets, quite unnerved me. They spoke so eloquently of unimaginable hardships, silently endured. They were so pitifully heavy and ugly, and the dear *poilus* who wore them were so patient, so selfless! Even to-day I cannot think of those huge, unsightly boots without a pang.

Then, at a signal from the doctor, I saw some orderlies in attendance begin to lift the stretchers indicated by him—the worst cases, I suppose—and I left quickly, fearing to be in the way.

I always feel like smiling when I remember my first "call to duty" in that hospital. No one even seemed to think of going to bed that night, and while I longed to be useful ("nurse's aids" were there to run errands, chiefly), how could I hope to be so when no one, quite naturally, even knew that I was there? Everybody was more than occupied, and as I slipped along a corridor—inconspicuously as I could, desperately afraid of being turned out as a mere newcomer, and therefore a nuisance—I backed a few steps through a doorway which opened into one of the wards, to give more space to a procession of stretchers which were evidently being carried to the operating theatre. At that instant I heard behind me the low, firm voice of one of the ward sisters, and turning, I saw that she was speaking to me.

"Go and fill six hot water bottles and bring them to me immediately," she said—as though I had been there a month, and knew every crevice and corner of the hospital.

If she had asked me to go in search of the Golden Fleece, and to "report back" with it tucked under my arm within the space of three minutes, she could hardly have made a more difficult request. I had not the least idea where the bottles were, nor where to get hot water to fill them, once I had discovered the bottles themselves, but I started off valiantly—in the wrong direction, of course! That awakened the sister to the fact that I was "new", but it proved to be my opening.

All that night the ambulances rolled in; there was no break in the steady

arrival of the convoys, nor in their departure, for we seemed to "take in" and evacuate at the same time; no sooner were beds emptied than they were filled again. Masses of stretchers passed through the receiving room,—some of the wounded, after being given hot soup, to pass out again on their way to the trains, and so to the interior; some borne immediately to the operating room; some to the baths (where their sodden clothes, sodden with blood and grime, had often literally to be cut off them), after which they were laid in such hastily prepared beds as might be available—beds vacated hardly five minutes before by the outgoing cases. Every man I saw seemed to me to be at death's door; the grey, ravaged faces with sunken, hollow cheeks, were pitiful even in the dim light of the ward; feverish eyes looked at us as though from a vast distance, from across a great dividing line—eyes which had seen sights of indescribable horror which we could not even picture to ourselves. But with all the suffering, physical and mental, I never once heard even the shadow of a complaint —on the contrary, one had a perpetual lump in one's throat, for those men kept saying how sorry they were to be giving us so much trouble! I never saw the least suggestion of discouragement, of broken spirit. They were wounded, yes, but they would soon be well again, and then they would go back to rejoin their regiments—those beloved regiments of theirs which were holding the line till they should return to fill their places again. Even the men who were dying insisted that they were going back.

"Don't trouble about me, *ma sœur*", gasped a man with a frightful chest wound, to whom we were trying to give some relief in his agony. "It's really very slight; I'll soon be off your hands, . . ."—he was, for he died before he could finish speaking.

"Why it's nothing", insisted a mere boy, who was sinking fast. "In a week I'll be 'at them' again. If you write to my mother, tell her I'm scratched, that's all—give me some paper, I'll write her myself", and with his mother's name on his lips, he was gone.

But some of the wounded were quite mad—the worst fate of all, perhaps—mad from pain too great to bear; even in their madness, however, their thoughts were not of themselves, but of those at whose side they had been fighting. One man, with terrible head wounds, not realizing where he was, called and called, in an agonized voice, to an invisible comrade:

"*Jean! . . . Jean! . . . Jean! . . .*", and then he would turn anxiously to one of us, as though he were interrogating a trench-comrade:

"*As-tu vu Jean . . . dis, où est-il?*"

This he repeated over and over and over; all through the night he called—but toward morning that voice was mercifully still.

A week or so went by, a week of days and nights, the difference between them unheeded and unnoticed by anyone. The great guns of Verdun thundered on, the sound of the tumult sweeping over the few miles which separated us: those guns never seemed to stop, or if they did, it was only to begin again with renewed fury. Sometimes, in the darkness of the night, I would creep out to look eastward toward the yellow glare where savage streaks of light shot sud-

denly to the zenith of the heavens, and monster explosions rocked the earth under my feet, while always along the road I heard the steady tramp, tramp of troops going up the line; the unceasing rumble of the *camions* over the rough *pavé*. At the hospital, we slept when we could, and we snatched a meal when we had time, while the convoys of wounded continued to roll in, as others continued to roll out—day and night, day and night.

Then came rumours that we were likely to be busier than ever; that we should do well to be prepared; and it must have been about two o'clock one morning—a wild, dark night it was, with snow driven in white, blinding sheets before a bitter wind—that a fresh lot of wounded was brought in, the men grey and stiff and frozen. Among them a young lieutenant lay on his stretcher without the slightest movement, and at first we thought him dead. He could not have been much over twenty-five, but he was a man whom you would notice under any circumstances, for he carried with him that indefinable air which seems to go with unconscious, innate nobility. For a long time he lay thus immovable, as though he were carved in marble, but at last we brought his pulse back, and he began to stir. We had put him in a small place somewhat apart from the rest, but though he was in almost speechless suffering, he wanted no special comforts; he seemed to have but one desire—to know what had happened to the last of his men, and while I never heard the full details of the story, many of us later learned a few of the outstanding facts from one of those very men of his who had, by chance, been brought to us in the same convoy.

There had been a terrific attack by the Germans on the French lines just north of Le Mort-Homme—the lines which stretched somewhere between Béthincourt and Cumières, as I remember it—and the regiment to which this young lieutenant belonged was given an advanced position, on a spur of the hill, with orders to hold it at all costs, until reinforcements could be sent. The enemy had got the range, and their shells were falling straight into the French lines, particularly into that advanced position which was of special importance to them. The odds were all against the defenders which, of course, they knew but too well, for the Germans, ten times their number, were determined to break through that line and, covered by a barrage, they came sweeping on in a solid mass. The situation was desperate. One by one this young lieutenant had seen his comrades drop around him; one by one he saw his superior officers fall, till at last he found that he himself was in sole command of that position, with a few men only left. The shells were dropping like fiery hail, and the noise was terrific, but above the shriek of the shells and the crash of bursting bombs, he passed along the line shouting to his comrades that they must stand together to the last man. He was everywhere, encouraging them; any place of special danger he occupied himself, and they saw him climb on to the parapet, standing there alone and exposed while he threw bomb after bomb into the face of the enemy which, despite every effort, had crept very near; not for an instant did he allow the ardour of that defence to cool. He so fired his men that they would have followed him anywhere, but, holding that bit of the

line, with the dead and wounded almost choking it, with the ammunition almost gone, suddenly he realized that the Germans had begun to swarm into it at a part where the defence was weakest. Without an instant's hesitation he hurled himself at them, and there was a fierce, unequal struggle, but just as, at his end of the trench, he fell, mortally wounded, the promised reinforcements poured in at the other end; the Germans were driven out at the point of the bayonet—that French position was saved. So it was that in a dying condition he was brought to us, through the snow and ice of that dark night. He lingered for a day or two and then, in an early dawn, the end came swiftly. He was only one of tens of thousands who gave their lives with equal selflessness, but for some reason you could not forget him. Later that same day, above the stress and strain of our work, I heard it whispered that a special mission which concerned him, had come to the hospital, and when, toward evening, I crept into a little side room of the mortuary where I knew he was resting, I found him lying there, white and still, with a tall, waxen taper at his head, and in the soft light I saw that on his heart lay the scarlet ribbon with the gleaming cross of the *Légion d'Honneur*.

"*Mon corps à la terre, mon âme à Dieu, mon cœur à la France.*"

VOLUNTEER.

(To be continued)

An easy happiness softens us and lowers us. Effort is necessary; struggle is necessary; to accomplish the work of the soul's elevation, sorrow is often necessary. Yet, O how strange,—happiness is born sometimes from that which seems its ruin. It is from a broken life, as the world sees it, that very often songs of rejoicing arise. For heroism has its divine raptures, and the soldier who dies stricken and alone, but faithful to the flag, knows a depth of joy that the unworthy must be ignorant of for ever.—MONLAUR.

THINGS PROPHETICAL

The doctrine of Cycles is one of the most important in the whole theosophical system, though the least known and of all the one most infrequently referred to.
W. Q. Judge.

IN a previous article (July, 1930), entitled "The Theosophical Movement and Kali Yuga", an effort was made, on the basis of statements drawn from *The Mahatma Letters* and from the writings of Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge, to present certain ideas and possible deductions about cycles which are summed up briefly below. The reader is asked to bear these in mind, as they form a background to the present article.

1) The Sixth Sub-Race of the Fifth Root Race "may begin very soon", depending partly on the ability of the present Theosophical Movement to provide an adequate vehicle for the next Lodge Messenger, whose coming, we are told, may be advanced before 1975 if our attainment makes that possible. "We create our own time."

2) The first "age" of a sub-race, as well as of a root race, is for it a golden age, or Satya Yuga; therefore the "heaven-on-earth" of Madame Blavatsky's prophecy in the *Key*, is not some special dispensation, but a part of the natural evolution of races and sub-races.

3) It may be forthwith possible, therefore, to escape from the present black, Aryan Kali Cycle by evolving oneself into the Sixth Sub-Race, which means attaining the more advanced physical, moral, mental, and spiritual stature necessary to incarnate that degree of racial advance. The laggards must stay behind—in Kali Yuga.

4) Mr. Judge called particular attention to the fact that, a) We are now reincarnations of the Atlanteans (that is, ourselves over again), in both Europe and America, but the efflorescence is in America; b) This is a transition age, when the key-notes for the future must be sounded; and c) "We" (Theosophists like Mr. Judge himself, H.P.B., and their more discerning followers) are working for "a change in the Manas and Buddhi of the Race",—and by so doing are preparing for the new Sixth Sub-Race, due "very soon", and for the Sixth Root Race, due in no distant future.

5) The correspondence between Rounds, Races, sub-races and human principles was also touched upon. This, taken with 4), provides a practical—what H.P.B. sometimes calls a "psychologic"—interpretation of the purely numerical aspect of cycles.

6) It is repeatedly stated that the figures of cycles given out were only veiled approximations of the real ones; that 7^x, or seven to the power of x, lay at the basis of all esoteric calculations; and that there are "Cycles of Matter"

and "Cycles of Spirituality" which run concomitantly, interblending in almost endless complication. These, with only the strictly limited data given, therefore, the student has been left to work out for himself as best he can.

It does require work. Yet even the very failures to work out satisfactorily hints that are gleaned from what lies scattered throughout the thousands of our printed pages, tend to establish certain principles; and the pursuit of one apparently abortive trail leads in a most fascinating way to other quite unexpected discoveries. This seems to be the special reward of any serious study of Madame Blavatsky's writings, and is a discovery in itself.[1] Furthermore, the investigation of such a topic as Racial Cycles, has the advantage of being both practical and immediate in its bearing, since *we are* the Lemurians, the Atlanteans, the Egyptians, etc., and, through Karma, have ourselves created, and are now creating, present and future cycles. At the same time, there are literally no limits to the extension of such a study, since we are told that it requires profound esoteric knowledge and full initiation into the mysteries to understand Racial Cycles in their completeness. No wonder Mr. Judge wrote that, "though one of the most important" Theosophical teachings, it is "of all the one most infrequently referred to." Yet the body of material that has been given us is surprising, when put together, both in its actual extent and in the suggestiveness of its correlations.

"The periods called yugas or kalpas are life problems to solve", wrote H. P. B. in the opening of *Isis* (I, 31), perhaps for our consolation; and again: "It is well to know that no secret was so well preserved and so sacred with the ancients, as that of their cycles and computations. From the Egyptians down to the Jews it was held as the highest sin to divulge anything pertaining to the correct measure of time" (*Secret Doctrine*, II, 396). The reasons for this become more obvious as the subject is pursued further, because the whole spiritual, as well as physical growth of man is involved; and a precise knowledge of dates would, we imagine, enable those, evilly disposed, to frustrate many a Lodge effort, or place additional obstructions in the way.

The purpose of the present article is to discuss somewhat further, first, the bearing of what has been said about our Atlantean heritage in relation to the coming Sixth Root Race and Sub-Race, together with certain most suggestive prophetic hints in our literature as to the immediate future; and second, to remind students of a special, "very occult" cycle, alluded to by H. P. B., which proves to be not only of the very greatest interest, but also in the nature of a key to many an *impasse* in the more fully described cycles.

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[1] As an illustration, take the use that may be made of the *Glossary*. There are eight captions dealing specifically with Cycles, two of very great interest, to which anyone would naturally turn when looking up material. But by reading through the *Glossary* page by page, one discovers additional treatments of the subject, buried in the text of other captions, most of which one would *not* be likely to think of in connection with Cycles. Here lies just the point. Theosophy is One; and no given subject can be understood independently of other subjects, which are inextricably interwoven with it, and which cannot, without correlation, be understood separately. Some of these passages in the *Glossary* yield information apparently not given elsewhere. By this method, H. P. B. forces the student to see 1) the inseparable interrelation of different subjects; 2) the need for intuition; 3) that Theosophy is the synthesis of knowledge; 4) that the lazy will not be given to know the Mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven; and 5) that even the outskirts of Occultism, as a study, are fascinating beyond anything that the world has to offer.

In his *Echoes From The Orient*, Mr. Judge, writing of the influence of the ancient Atlanteans upon America, spoke of our knowledge of this fact to-day as "a most fascinating statement made by the Theosophical Adepts" (p. 20). "The development of the American nation has a mysterious but potent connection with the wonderful past of the Atlanteans," he says (p. 19), for "the cycles in their movement are bringing up to the surface now, in the United States and America generally, not only a great glory of civilization which was forgotten eleven thousand or more years ago, but also the very men, the monads,—the egos, as they call them—who were concerned so many ages since in developing and bringing it to its final lustre. In fact, we of the nineteenth century, hearing of new discoveries and inventions every day, and dreaming of great advances in all arts and sciences, are the same individuals who inhabited bodies among the powerful and brilliant as well as wicked Atlanteans, whose name is forever set immortal in the Atlantic Ocean. The Europeans are also Atlantean monads; but the flower, so to speak, of this revival or resurrection, is and is to be on the American continent. I will not say the United States, for mayhap, when the sun of our power has risen again, there may be no United States for it to rise upon" (pp. 20–21).

This is the first of several prophecies to which the reader's attention is invited. As there is no indication elsewhere of the North American continent submerging till the close of the Sixth Race (*S. D.*, II, 445), the inference is, perhaps, that the United States will either break up into separate countries, like Europe, or—which seems more likely—become first a great Empire, created perhaps, and ruled directly,—who knows?—by members of the Lodge. Such was the case when the early Fifth Race was launched.

Mr. Judge continues: "To me it seems quite plain. I can almost see the Atlanteans in these citizens of America, sleepy, and not well aware who they are, but yet full of the Atlantean ideas, which are only prevented from full and clear expression by the inherited bodily and mental environment which cramps and binds the mighty man within. This again is Nemesis-Karma that punishes us by means of these galling limitations, penning up our power and for the time frustrating our ambition. It is because, when we were in Atlantean bodies, we did wickedly, not the mere sordid wicked things of this day, but high deeds of evil such as by St. Paul were attributed to unknown spiritual beings in high places. We degraded spiritual things and turned mighty powers over nature to base uses; we did *in excelsis* that which is hinted at now in the glorification of wealth, of material goods, of the individual over the spiritual and above the great Man—Humanity. This has now its compensation in our present inability to attain what we want or to remove from among us the grinding-stones of poverty. We are, as yet, only preparers, much as we may exalt our plainly crude American development.

"Herein lies the very gist of the cycle's meaning. It is a preparatory cycle with much of necessary destruction in it; for, before construction, we must have some disintegration. We are preparing here in America a new race which will exhibit *the perfection* of the glories that I said were being slowly brought to the

surface from the long forgotten past. This is why the Americas are seen to be in a perpetual ferment. It is the seething and bubbling of the older races in the refining-pot, and the slow coming up of the material for the new race" (pp. 21–22. Cf. *The Path*, vol. IV, pp. 278–9; *Lucifer*, vol. X, pp. 2off., reprinted in *Theosophy*, Dec. 1896, pp. 262–4; and *The Path*, vol. V, May, 1890: "One of the Signs of the Cycle" by William Brehon, one of Mr. Judge's many pen-names).

We italicized the words "*the perfection* of the glories" of old-time Atlantis, because it has direct bearing on what H. P. B. characterized as "the untimely end of the Atlanteans" (*S. D.*, II, 178), with all that that implies both of the disruption of normal racial Karma and a mere mechanical ordering of cycles; and also of the fact that Adept Kings still reigned over the one-third of the Atlanteans who remained faithful when Atlantis sank.

Mr. Judge added to what he had written in his *Echoes*, in an address entitled "Cyclic Impression and Return and Our Evolution", reprinted in the QUARTERLY, October, 1925. It contains additional prophetic utterance. He said: "We are here [in America] a new race in a new cycle [note the tense], and persons who know say that a cycle [evidently another, correlated one] is going to end in a few years and a new one begin, and that that ending and beginning will be accompanied by convulsions of society and of nature. We can all almost see it coming. The events are very complete in the sky. . . . This civilization is the highest, although the crudest, civilization now on earth. It is the beginning of the great civilization that is to come, when old Europe has been destroyed; when the civilizations of Europe are unable to do any more, then this will be the place where the new great civilization will begin to put out a hand once more to grasp that of the ancient East, who has sat there silently doing nothing all these years, holding in her ancient crypts and libraries and records the philosophy which the world wants, and it is this philosophy and this ethics that the Theosophical Society is trying to give you. It is a philosophy you can understand and practise. . . . But if these old doctrines are not taught to the race *you will have a revolution*, and instead of making progress in a steady, normal fashion, you will come up to the better things through storm, trouble and sorrow. You will come up, of course, for even out of revolution and blood there comes progress, but isn't it better to have progress without that? And that is what the theosophical philosophy is intended for. That is why the Mahatmas we were talking about, directing their servant H. P. Blavatsky as they have directed many times before, came out at a time when materialism was fighting religion and was about getting the upper hand, and once more everything moved forward in its cyclic way and these old doctrines were revived under the guidance of the theosophical movement" (pp. 360, 361, 363, italics ours).

In the light of the great European War; of Russia's *débâcle* and Communist régime; of China's break-up; of Italy's rescue from a Communist collapse by Fascismo; of the manifest decline and socialization of England, how truly prophetic these words have already proved to be. They seem to

apply, also, to a far-distant future, with which we are not concerned for the moment.[2]

Madame Blavatsky, from the very commencement of her theosophical writings, repeatedly voiced similar ideas. The first chapter of *Isis* deals with cycles, and ends with the words: "Who knows the possibilities of the future? An era of disenchantment and rebuilding will soon begin—nay, has already begun. The cycle has almost run its course; *a new one is about to begin*, and the future pages of history may contain full evidence."

The note of revolution and of wars, struck by Mr. Judge, was emphasized by H. P. B. also. We may see how these prophecies tie into our present, future, and past cycles, even going back to Atlantean precedents. In an Editorial in *Lucifer*, vol. IV, May 15th, 1889, entitled "Our Cycle And The Next", she concludes: "But what has the new cycle in store for humanity? Will it be merely a continuation of the present, only in darker and more terrible colours? Or shall a new day dawn for mankind, a day of pure sunlight, of truth, of charity, of true happiness for all? The answer depends mainly on the few Theosophists who, true to their colours through good repute and ill, still fight the battle of Truth against the powers of Darkness. . . .

"If, Theosophy prevailing in the struggle, its all-embracing philosophy strikes deep root in the minds and hearts of men, if its doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma, in other words, of Hope and Responsibility, find a home in the lives of the new generations, then, indeed, will dawn the day of joy and gladness for all who now suffer and are outcast. For real Theosophy is ALTRUISM, and we cannot repeat it too often. It is brotherly love, mutual help, unswerving devotion to Truth. If once men do but realize that in these alone can true happiness be found, and never in wealth, possessions, or any selfish gratification, then the dark clouds will roll away, and a new humanity will be born upon earth. Then, the GOLDEN AGE will be there, indeed.

"But if not, then the storm will burst, and *our boasted western civilization and enlightenment will sink in such a sea of horror that its parallel History has never yet recorded*" (p. 188, italics ours).

We have only to think of poison-gas, and its effect, not only on human beings and livestock, but on vegetation, to fill out the picture for ourselves. The Karma for individuals and nations responsible for such a catastrophe, staggers imagination. We recall those words quoted before from *The Mahatma Letters:* ". . . the present crisis . . . is a question of perdition or salvation to thousands; a question of the progress of the Human Race or its retrogression, of its glory or dishonour, and for the majority of this race—*of being or not being*, of annihilation in fact" (p. 365. Cf. Ed. in *Lucifer*, V, esp. p. 174).

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[2] In the *S. D.*, I, 646, we read: "Why, then, should occultists and astrologers . . . be disbelieved, when they prophesy the return of some cyclic event . . .? . . . It is neither *prevision, nor prophecy;* no more than is the signalling of a comet or star, several years before its appearance. It is simply knowledge and mathematically correct computations which enable the Wise Men of the East to foretell, for instance, that England is on the eve of such or another catastrophe; France, nearing such a point of her cycle, and Europe in general threatened with, or rather, on the eve of, a cataclysm, which her own cycle of racial *Karma has led her* to." If this be compared, in order, with II, 266, 445, and 331, supplementing with the long note on p. 307, and *Mah. Let.*, 156, no immediate *physical* or geologic disaster would seem to be imminent, or not for about 16,000 years.

In an earlier article in *Lucifer*, vol. I, p. 174, entitled "The Esoteric Character of the Gospels," H. P. B. takes the well-known verses from St. Matthew xxiv. 3, ff.: ". . . Tell us, when shall these things be? And what shall be the sign *of thy presence*, and *of the consummation of the age?*"—as her text, and applies them to the present in a most striking way. She writes: "On the other hand, at no time since the Christian era, have the precursor signs described in *Matthew* applied so graphically and forcibly to any epoch as they do to our own times. *When has nation risen against nation more than at this time?* When have 'famines'—another name for destitute pauperism, and the famished multitudes of the proletariat—been more cruel; earthquakes more frequent, or covered such an area simultaneously, as for the last few years? Millenarians and Adventists of robust faith, may go on saying that 'the coming of the (carnalised) Christ' is near at hand, and prepare themselves for 'the end of the world'. Theosophists—at any rate, some of them—who understand the hidden meaning of the universally-expected Avatars, Messiahs, Sosioshes and Christs—know that it is no 'end of the world', but 'the consummation of the age', *i.e.*, the close of a cycle, which is now fast approaching(†). If our readers have forgotten the concluding passages of the article, 'The Signs of the Times', in *Lucifer* for October last, let them read them over, and they will plainly see the meaning of this particular cycle."

At the place marked with a dagger in parentheses, Madame Blavatsky adds a note of the utmost interest, already referred to. We quote it in its entirety, because it should not be divorced from its context, *i.e.*, its direct bearing on "the sign" of Christ's presence, or coming, and of the end of the age, or cycle. Its implications are obviously manifold.

"There are several remarkable cycles that come to a close at the end of this century. First, the 5,000 years of the Kaliyug cycle; again the Messianic cycle of the Samaritan (also Kabalistic) Jews of the man connected with *Pisces* (Ichthys or 'Fishman' *Dag*). It is a cycle, historic and not very long, but very occult, lasting about 2,155 solar years, but having a true significance when computed by lunarmonths. It occurred 2,410 and 255 B.C., or when the equinox entered into the sign of the *Ram*, and again into that of *Pisces*. When it enters, in a few years, the sign of *Aquarius*, psychologists will have some extra work to do, and the psychic idiosyncrasies of humanity will enter on a great change."

This "very occult" cycle closed, and the new one opened, precisely in 1900, coinciding exactly with the completion of the last quarter of a century cycle, and but two years beyond the first 5,000 years of Kali Yuga, which fell in 1898. Moreover, H. P. B. directly connects this cycle with Christ's own prophecies of the "consummation of the age"; relates it to the ancient Jewish and Kabalistic prophecies of the Messiah—which Christ, during his incarnation, said that he fulfilled in his own person; gives its correlation with the Zodiac; and points to the same psychological changes in man which Mr. Judge foretold of the new Race in *Echoes*, *viz.*, "new orders of intellect; new powers of mind; curious and unheard-of psychic powers, as well as extraordinary physical ones; with new senses and extensions of present senses now unforeseen" (p. 22).

For our immediate purpose, we must confine ourselves to pointing out that in this foot-note we are given the explicit duration of an important cycle, elsewhere unmentioned, together with just when it began, and a suggestion of its direct bearing on the events, both inner and outer, to be looked for during the forty-two years since the passage was written, and in the future. This Messianic cycle, identified with Christ, began 255 B.C., and has now completed its first revolution since the incarnation of Christ. Moreover, its turn coincided closely with that of two other important cycles. These three cycles, of Kali Yuga in its 1,000 year divisions; of the 100 year cycle (in the last quarter of which the Lodge makes its periodic outer effort; *Key*, p. 306); and this Messianic Cycle, will not again converge so closely for many thousands of years. The Messianic cycle and the 100 year cycle will not end together again until the year 45,000 A.D., when Kali Yuga will register 48,102, and the other two coincide exactly for the first time since 1900. This requires twenty revolutions of the Messianic cycle. The years of Kali Yuga then, or 48,102, do not seem to have any very great significance. Between now and that far-distant date, the Messianic cycle will not even fall *within* the last quarter of the 100 year cycle again until A.D. 16,985 (Kali Yuga 20,087), or after seven revolutions of the cycle—which is further forward than history has admitted records backwards. Then, the actual conjunction of the two will still be 15 years apart. In 21,295, the two will approach within five years, and Kali Yuga will register 24,397, or nearly 24,400,—once more a figure that does not bear on its face any great significance. The rarity of any conjunction of these three cycles, therefore, becomes evident, and perhaps indicates why a special reinforcement of the regular "last-quarter" Lodge effort could come from what might be described as Christian elements.[3]

So far, then, we may attempt to recapitulate as follows.

1) With the arrival of the Satya or Golden Age of the new Sixth Sub-Race, we may hope for the revival and *perfection* of the glories of ancient Atlantis.

2) The likelihood of this being brought to pass by the twenty-first century, or earlier, depends on the loyalty, altruism, and fidelity of those now carrying forward, or about to carry forward further, the Theosophical Movement.

3) If success be not achieved, we may look for a reaction which will lead to revolution in the United States, and generally for Europe and this country "such a sea of horror that its parallel History has never yet recorded",—with the complete *débâcle* of "our boasted western civilization." Russia may serve as a practical warning—as also Belgium during the first weeks of German invasion.

That this break-up of our civilization will come through the self-destruction of war—if come it must—seems to be the only inference to draw from what may now be added to the above. In 1882, Mr. Sinnett asked Master K. H. if there

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[3] It is impossible to break the main theme of the present article with any analysis of the subdivisions of this cycle, its lunar interpretation, Zodiacal significance, etc. But with the above suggestions of Christ's connection with this cycle, it might here be of interest to point out in advance that B.C. 2,410, the earlier date mentioned by H. P. B., is not far from the tentative era now arrived at by archæologists for Cherdoloamer, and therefore for Abraham, who, it will be remembered, met the mighty High Priest Melchizedek, after whose *Order*, says the *Epistle to the Hebrews*, Christ was an "High Priest forever"—vi. 20, vii. *passim*.

were "any way of accounting for what seems the curious rush of human progress within the last two thousand years" (*Mah. Let.*, p. 145). Master K. H. answered: "The latter end of a very important cycle. Each Round, each ring [now called a Root Race], as every race [Sub-Race] has its great and its smaller cycles, on every planet that mankind passes through. Our fourth Round Humanity has its one great cycle, and so have her races and sub-races. The 'curious rush' is due to the double effect of the former—the beginning of its downward course;—and of the latter (the small cycle of your 'sub-race') running on to its apex. Remember, you belong to the fifth Race, yet you are but a *Western sub*-race" (p. 149).

Analysing this so far, we find first, that in 1882 we were at the "latter end" of "a very important cycle". As Sinnett's question asked in terms of 2,000 years, this answer may imply a large cycle, of which 2,000 years form but the "latter end". It can hardly refer to Kali Yuga, which began only some 5,000 years ago. Therefore, we have here the indication of a fourth cycle, of considerable duration and importance, also drawing to a close along with the other three; and therefore, equally with the others, giving promise of a new start in the near future. H. P. B. mentioned "several cycles" which came to a close with this past century mark, but she only specified two in her footnote, quoted above; while Mr. Judge also alludes to a great cycle that was going to end in a few years from the time when he spoke. Second, the rush of civilization is due to a double effect, the first element of which is the great cycle of our Fourth Round as a whole, which is at the beginning "of its downward course" (since we are well past the mid-part, or crest, of its wave?); and the second element of which relates to our Fifth Western Root Race, with its Sub-Races (the Fifth of which, with *its* seven Family Races, now peoples Western Europe and America), which is "running on to its apex". Master K. H. repeats, a few sentences later: "Your sub-races are now running towards the apex of their respective cycles"; and again: "You are now approaching your brilliant noon"; and he adds: "Less than two centuries prior to the arrival of Cortez there was as great a 'rush' towards progress among the *sub-races* [in H. P. B.'s later terminology, these would be Family Races] of Peru and Mexico as there is now in Europe and the U. S. A. Their sub-race ended in nearly total annihilation through causes generated by itself; *so will yours at the end of this cycle*" (selected from pp. 149–50; italics of last phrase ours).

Here we have exactly the same forecast, as might be expected. Exploration of the past twenty years amongst the ruins of the Mayas of Yucatan and Mexico, has revealed the mysterious and sudden collapse of a brilliant civilization, due, not to natural convulsions, but to savage and fanatical wars. Again, Madame Blavatsky, quoting from the ancient esoteric Commentary on the Stanzas about our Fifth Root Race at the time when the great Atlantean continent was in process of sinking, adds a most significant comment in square brackets, which we reproduce as she wrote it. " 'Alone the handful of those Elect, whose divine instructors had gone to inhabit that Sacred Island—"from whence the last Saviour will come"—now kept mankind from becoming one-half the ex-

terminator of the other [as mankind does now—H. P. B.]. It (mankind) became divided. Two-thirds of it were ruled by Dynasties of lower, material Spirits of the earth, who took possession of the easily accessible bodies; one-third remained faithful, and joined with the nascent Fifth Race—the divine Incarnates. When the Poles moved (for the fourth time) this did not affect those who were protected, and who had separated from the Fourth Race. Like the Lemurians—alone the ungodly Atlanteans perished, and "were seen no more". . .' " (*S. D.*, II, 350).

If the reader has been able to keep the thread through so many necessarily involved quotations, he will see clearly, not only the direct statement that our races are becoming the exterminators of each other, but that a correspondence is deliberately drawn between Atlantean times and our own. Moreover, after stating that, "No fresh Monads have incarnated since the middle point of the Atlanteans", H. P. B. also says: "Many of us are now working off the effects of the evil Karmic causes produced by us in Atlantean bodies" (p. 303), and again: "In the case of the Atlanteans, it was precisely the Spiritual being which sinned, the Spirit element being still the 'Master' principle in man, in those days. Thus it is in those days that the heaviest Karma of the Fifth Race was generated by our Monads" (p. 302). To make the parallel still more exact between ourselves now, and what we were then as Atlanteans, and complementing exactly Mr. Judge, we read of the Atlanteans: "The name is used here in the sense of, and as a synonym of 'sorcerers'. The Atlantean races were many, and lasted in their evolution for millions of years: all were not bad. They became so toward their end, as we (the fifth) are fast becoming now" (*S. D.*, II, 272*n.*). This is the special theme of the Editorial "Signs of the Times", referred to by H. P. B. herself in the quotation above, in which she pointed out the present-day increase of conscious and unconscious black magic, with lurid illustrations; and wrote: "Occultism and sorcery are in the air, with no true philosophical knowledge to guide the experimenters and thus check evil results" (vol. I, p. 88).

It seems, therefore, to be abundantly clear that the peoples of Europe and America, with possible exceptions, are now not only Atlanteans, but just those Atlanteans who came to an "untimely end" because of their spiritual wickedness,—and that we are to-day on the high road to following the bad karmic impulses generated then, history repeating itself. Once before, the Lodge—the "Divine Incarnates"—interposed, and that marvellous and heroic "Guardian Wall" saved "one-third" who turned to the Light, thus inaugurating a new—the Fifth—Root Race. So again to-day, the Lodge, working within the cycles, spiritual, psychic, and physical, is straining every nerve to save mankind from a repetition of its former errors, and an even worse disaster. Remembering that it was the Fifth Sub-Race of the Atlanteans who were in their Satya Yuga at the time of their "untimely end" (*S. D.*, II, 147*n.* with 178), and that we are now the Fifth Sub-Race once more of the new Root Race, with several of our Family Races "running towards the apex of their respective cycles", we can see, not only what hangs over us in the Karmic scales—the "perdition or salvation" of

thousands—but why Mr. Judge spoke of "the *perfection* of the glories" of long ago. Good Karma, so to speak, as well as bad, was held back by the ending of the Atlanteans, and we it is who must decide which Karmic strain shall be taken up by us on the crest of the new wave. No wonder the Lodge is making special efforts, when so much hangs in the balance! And what an opportunity for those who serve them now!

It remains to see if a study of actual figures may still further confirm the fact that such great events are close at hand. This, Madame Blavatsky seems to have done for us in a typical, indirect way, by means of an early article in *The Theosophist*, reprinted in *Five Years of Theosophy*, under the title, "The Theory of Cycles". We read that, "Contrary to the rule, it is the men of science themselves who have revived" the theory of cycles, and that: "More than one thoughtful mind, while studying the fortunes and reverses of nations and great empires, has been struck by one identical feature of their history—namely, the inevitable recurrence of similar events, and after equal periods of time." She then quotes extensively from the "very suggestive work by a well-known German scientist, E. Zasse," appearing in the *Prussian Journal of Statistics*, "powerfully corroborating the ancient theory of cycles." This investigator, studying the statistics of Empires, wars, etc., finds recurring cycles of 7, 10, 50, 250, 500, and 1,000 years, which "effect their revolutions around themselves, and within one another. . . . He points out the fact that if we divide the map of the Old World into six parts—into Eastern, Central, and Western Asia, Eastern and Western Europe, and Egypt, we shall easily perceive that every 250 years an enormous wave passes over these areas, bringing to each in its turn the events it has brought to the one next preceding. This wave we may call 'the historical wave' of the 250 years' cycle." Summarizing briefly, the first wave arose in China 2,000 B.C.; thence travelled to Mongolia 1,750 B.C.; to Egypt 1,500 B.C.; to Greece and the Argonauts 1,250 B.C.; dying out 1,000 B.C. in the Empire which Zasse identifies with Troy. The second wave begins with the Scythians in Central Asia, 750 B.C.; passes to Persia 500 B.C.; to Greece 250 B.C.; and to the Roman Empire at the time of Christ and Augustus Cæsar.

For the third wave, the Huns appear 250 A.D. from Central Asia; Persia arises in 500; the Byzantine Empire in 750; and the Papal Empire in 1,000.

The *fourth* wave H. P. B. italicises. In 1,250 the Mongolian Empire "covered an enormous area of land"; in 1,500 there was the great Ottoman Empire; and in 1,750 Russia, "during the reign of Empress Catherine, rises to an unexpected grandeur, and covers itself with glory". Madame Blavatsky adds: "The wave ceaselessly moves further on to the West; and beginning with the middle of the past century, Europe is living over an epoch of revolutions and reforms, and, according to the author, 'if it is permissible to prophesy, then about the year 2,000 Western Europe will have lived through one of those periods of culture and progress so rare in history'."

This, as H. P. B. puts it, most "suggestively" points to our Golden-Age Empire—indicated by her for the twenty-first century, but perhaps advanced

somewhat now—wherein our Family Races will achieve their "apex", or "brilliant noon", and launch as before the new racial undertaking with the best that the old has to give. As for wars, H. P. B. writes: "The periods of the strengthening and weakening of the warlike excitement of the European nations represent a wave strikingly regular in its periodicity, flowing incessantly, as if propelled onward by some fixed inscrutable law. This same mysterious law seems also to connect these events with the astronomical wave or cycle, which governs the periodicity of solar spots.[4] The periods when the European powers have shown the most destructive energy are marked by a cycle of fifty years' duration." In 1712 "*all* the European nations were fighting each other"; in 1761, the Seven Years' War; in 1810 the Napoleonic Wars; in 1861 the American Civil War, and in 1854–6 and 1870, the Crimean and Franco-Prussian Wars respectively.

Could it be that H. P. B. underscored the fact that "*all*" the European nations were fighting in 1712–1715, because she had prevision of our Great War, or of some future event occurring at about these 50 year periods? And may we not look forward to 1961–70, or thereabouts, with some understanding of what may happen at the time when the next Lodge Messenger is due to appear,—not to mention 2012–14? In the *Glossary*, under "St. Germain", H. P. B. wrote: "Count St. Germain was certainly the greatest Oriental Adept Europe has seen during the last centuries. But Europe knew him not. Perchance some may recognize him at the *next Terreur*, which will affect all Europe when it comes, and not one country alone" (Italic of *next* is ours). The Bolsheviks and Communists seem to be preparing already our next *Terreur*. Out of many passages in the QUARTERLY, we might close this article with the following from "On the Screen of Time" for October, 1929: "Germany is certain to attack France again, and some of us expect to be there when it happens. No, not in this life; not as soon as that! We are anxious to learn from the mistakes of the past,—the mistakes of 1918–1919 included. The situation will really need a Genghis Khan to do it justice; but we shall have to do our modest best. You may regard my programme, if you choose, as a *ballon d'essai*" (p. 198).

In all of this, we should not forget, since we are dealing with living, not with mechanical forces, that "There are no precedents for our situation . . . we have broken the cycles, superimposing upon the rhythm of the world the rhythm of the Lodge. What were barriers are no longer barriers. The Theosophical Movement has transcended time, and brought about a new time and a new possibility. What was due, under the old order, in 1975, may come in 1970 or 1950,—I know not when, I am no judge of that" (QUARTERLY, April, 1930, p. 77).

QUÆSITOR.

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[4] Solar spots admittedly recur, according to modern astronomical calculations, every 11.2 years. See Flammarion and Gore, *Astronomy*, pp. 249-263. One period fell in 1870, coinciding with the Franco-Prussian War; another, therefore, precisely in the mid-summer of 1914; while later ones fall due the middle of 1959, and about August 1970. "*Verbum sat sap.*"! The next period occurs in 1937, and Dr. Eckhardt, the Secretary of State in Hungary, during Bela Kun's Communist government, recently predicted, according to a *New York Times* despatch of September 20th, that "At the latest in 1937 a new European war is inevitable."

THE PURPOSE OF THE CHIVALRIC CODES

CODES, like religion, are older than history. A man begins to live by a code when he begins to do consistently what he feels he ought, instead of what he wants to do. Whether he be an Afghan horse-thief or a Chevalier Bayard, if he consistently live up to his own code—whatever that code may be—always, at any cost to himself, we feel that he is a man, and respect him accordingly. That is the first step. The next is to refine the code. As has often been said, what any thing at all is, is determined by the laws which it obeys. A man who, in act, thought and feeling, lives by the code of a gentleman, is a gentleman. When, or to the extent that he ceases so to do, to that extent he ceases to be a gentleman. As a man's code is, so is he. Obviously it follows that the way to grow, and the only way, is constantly to raise the level of the code by which one lives. The way, and the only way, to become a chêla is to live by the code of a chêla.

A true code is the progressive self-expression of the soul. It is not a static thing. It is a path, the path of the soul from its present position, wherever that may be, to heights of immortal splendour. To be understood, this path has to be travelled, a step at a time. Only as one step is taken, can the step ahead be seen. That step then appears as the ideal of the soul, in accordance with which it must strive to live if it would progress. Failure to live up to the highest that it can see, means retrogression and gradual loss of the vision. The ideal of to-day must be made the code of to-morrow. As this is done, a new and higher ideal comes into view, or rather, new, deeper and higher ways of applying the same principles are revealed. The underlying principles remain the same and are common to all real codes, for they are the fundamental laws governing the growth of the soul, and are inherent in the structure of the universe itself.

The great codes, like the great religions, must have been gifts to men from the Lodge of Masters, and the purpose of both is the same, to arouse the soul, here and now, to consciousness of itself and of its destiny, and in that way to prepare men for chêlaship,—the next step in human evolution. As was said in a recent number of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, the Avatars who founded the great religions of the world, did not establish churches; they founded Orders of Disciples to whom they gave codes of conduct. These were intended to be the heart of the religions, for it is only as man lives the life that he can know the doctrine. Again like the great religions, the codes differ with different times and races, in method and in angle of approach, but each is based on the same immutable laws, and has the same goal. As with all spiritual gifts

to man, they have been much perverted, misunderstood and distorted. It should also be remembered that, as we have said, a code is a path, and what is appropriate for one race and stage of development, may be too high, or too low, for others.

The soul grows, as all things grow, by living in accordance with the laws of its true—which is its divine—nature. It can only express itself at all, to the extent to which it has first dominated, and then developed its instrument, the personality. The first requisite is an obedient instrument. The artist whose hand refused to obey his will would have small chance of reproducing on canvas his vision of beauty. With most men, the personality rebelled and usurped the sovereignty so long ago that the very existence of the rightful ruler is forgotten or denied. The usurper must be deposed. To change the simile, the rider must master his untamed horse before he can start on his journey. Hence the primary purpose of all codes is to train the personality to absolute, unquestioning obedience, and concurrently, to provide for the self-expression of the soul in order that it may grow. Another would appear to be to affect, by noble action, the atmosphere and thought of the world. All that we know of the great qualities of the soul, of justice, honour, courage, nobility, is derived from their manifestation in action.

Think of the millions who have been inspired by the story of Roland at Roncesvalles, from the time when Taillefer the minstrel sang it at Hastings, down to the present day. Of course, from a military point of view, Roland was wrong. He ought to have sounded his horn at once, fought a delaying rear-guard action, and brought off his forces to fight another day. That was not his code. Who can say how many victories France owes to the story of his heroic death and the inspiration it has brought to her soldiers through the centuries. A less thing than that has turned the tide of many a battle. The sum of such noble deeds constitutes the accumulated wealth of the world Each one enriches the world's atmosphere and makes emulation easier.

The partners of an investment house in New York still tell the story of one of their clients, a member of an old and distinguished American family. He had bought through them a thousand shares of Northern Pacific Railroad Company stock. Some months later, the stock rose in price, to 100, to 110, to 125. At that point the purchaser decided that it was selling for all that it was worth. He got his thousand shares of stock from his safe-deposit box, and took it down-town, on May 9th, 1901. He came into the offices of the Firm just in time to see Northern Pacific stock sell at one thousand dollars per share. He looked at the quotation, and looked at his thousand shares of stock which, at that price, represented one million dollars. Then he folded up his stock certificates and put them back in his pocket.

"Northern Pacific stock is not worth a thousand dollars a share," he said, "and I won't take a thousand dollars of any man's money for it."

Then, putting aside a million dollars with a wave of his hand, he left the office. He could have given himself many excellent reasons for taking it. The trouble with the market was that there was not enough Northern Pacific stock

to go round, the sale of one thousand shares would help the situation, etc., etc. He would not argue with his sense of honour nor deviate from it by a hair. Whether or not we agree with his view—and many men of high integrity would not—is of little importance. The point is that he lived up to the highest standard that he saw, refusing a fortune for a fine point of honour. Think of the effect of such an act on the inner atmosphere of a money-loving community.

The essence of a true code is that it is of the soul, and hence its lightest requirement outweighs all material considerations, no matter how great. Physical life itself, pain, suffering or loss, must be as nothing in comparison. As we have said, the primary purpose of all codes is to train the personality, at whatever cost to itself, to absolute, unquestioning obedience to the least behest of the soul. For this purpose, it is adherence to the code that is of value, whether its provisions seem to us to be wise or unwise. We should be on our guard against condemning particular requirements merely because, in our time and stage of development, we do not happen to agree with them. The form the obedience takes, the actual acts required, may, in the beginning, be of little more importance than whether a rider, training a horse to be bridle-wise, turns him to the right or to the left.

Prince Vanraj, a Rajput, who lived about the middle of the eighth century, furnishes an excellent illustration of strict obedience to the letter of one's code.[1] His father, the Ruler of the Kingdom of Gujarat, was slain in a revolution and his wife and infant son driven into exile. When the young Prince, Vanraj, grew to manhood, he resolved to reconquer the throne which was rightfully his. To do this, funds were essential. Vanraj heard that a merchant of great wealth was living in a certain small village. Doubtless he felt that, as true heir to the throne, all that the country contained belonged by right to him. In any case, with a few followers he broke into the house, to find the merchant and his sister peacefully preparing their supper. Vanraj, seeing on a table a jewel of great value, reached out his hand to take it, and, in doing so, touched a bowl of curds. To touch food in a man's house made one a guest, and to violate hospitality was, in the Rajput code, a black sin. Though it meant to him the loss of his kingdom, Vanraj instantly drew himself up, saluted the merchant, recalled his followers, apologized for their intrusion, and left the house. The merchant's sister, marvelling at such a bandit, followed and invited him and his band to supper. The result was that the merchant volunteered to provide the funds, and Vanraj recovered his kingdom.

There was a high code of chivalry in ancient India five thousand years ago, at the time of Krishna and the civil wars of the Rajputs, the Pandus against the Kurus. The *Mahabharata*, the great epic of those wars, contains many splendid instances of nobility, of which space permits us to quote only one, the description of the death of Bhishma, leader of the Kurus. The exiled Pandu Princes, whom Bhishma had tutored in their youth and whom he loved "with a father's loving heart", had been deprived of the kingdom rightfully theirs.

[1] For this and other Indian stories, we are indebted to *A Pageant of India*, by Adolf Waley; Constable and Co., London.

Bhishma's King, Duryodhan, was on the wrong side, and Bhishma, with true loyalty, had told him so. The decision, however, was not his but his King's, and when his King decided, Bhishma loyally accepted it. While "matchless Bhishma" fought against them, the Pandu Princes could make no headway. Finally they went to him at night, secretly, urging the righteousness of their cause. Bhishma answers, giving his code:

"Sons of Pandu," said the chieftain, "Prince Duryodhan is my lord,
Bhishma is no faithless servant nor will break his plighted word.
Valiant are ye, noble princes, but the chief is yet unborn,
While I lead the course of battle, who the tide of war can turn.
Listen more. With vanquished foeman, or who falls or takes to flight,
Casts his weapons, craves for mercy, ancient Bhishma doth not fight.
Bhishma doth not fight a rival who submits, fatigued and worn,
Bhishma doth not fight the wounded, doth not fight a woman born."

There was in the Pandu army a woman warrior, Sikhandin, "whom Gods had turned into a warrior", and it was proposed to send her against Bhishma. This brought immediate protest from the Pandu Prince Arjuna:

"Shame!" exclaimed the angry Arjun, "not in secret heroes fight,
Not behind a child or woman screen their valour and their might.
Krishna, loth is archer Arjun to pursue this hateful strife,
Trick against the sinless Bhishma, fraud upon his spotless life.
Listen, good and noble Krishna, as a child I climbed his knee,
As a boy I called him father, hung upon him lovingly.
Perish conquest dearly purchased by a mean deceitful strife,
Perish crown and jewelled sceptre won with Bhishma's saintly life!"

Krishna replies that whether Arjuna wishes or not, whether the foe be dearly loved or hated, matters nothing. What matters is that the cause of righteousness triumph. So Sikhandin is sent to fight Bhishma.

Bhishma views the Pandav forces with a calm unmoving face,
Saw not Arjun's fair Gandiva, saw not Bhima's mighty mace,
Smiled to see the young Sikhandin rushing to the battle fore,
Like the foam upon the billow when the mighty storm-winds roar!
Bhishma thought of word he plighted and of oath that he had sworn,
Dropped his arms before the warrior who a female child was born.
And the standard which no warrior ever saw in base retreat,
Idly stood upon the chariot, threw its shade on Bhishma's seat. . . .
Not Sikhandin's feeble arrows did the palm-tree standard fell,
Not Sikhandin's feeble lances did the peerless Bhishma quell,
True to oath and unresisting, Bhishma turned his face away,
Turned and fell; the sun declining marked the closing of the day.[2]

[2] *Ramayana and Mahabharata*, translated by R. Chunder Dutt (Everyman's Library).

That was five thousand years ago. Some thousands of years later, in 1573, when Akbar was Emperor of India, he heard that twenty thousand of his troops had mutinied in a city six hundred miles away. Taking two thousand horsemen, he rode the six hundred miles in eleven days. (They must have had good horses in India in those days; two thousand horses capable of such a feat could not easily be assembled to-day.) His speed far outstripped any word of his coming, and the mutineers, taken completely by surprise, were scattered and unarmed.

"It is a shameful thing", said Akbar, "to attack an unprepared foe", and so, though they outnumbered his force ten to one, he halted his troops, sounded his trumpets, and waited for the mutineers to arm and form their line. Then, at the head of his two thousand horsemen, he charged their twenty thousand and scattered them in wild rout. All the great codes forbid taking undue advantage of a foe. The great White Lodge itself, with all power in its hands, fights only in accordance with rigid rules, and it begins early to inculcate true "sportsmanship" in those who may some day be its chêlas.

To understand the spirit of the chivalric codes it is essential to remember that the death of the body is only an incident in the life of an immortal soul. One of the chief inner purposes of the codes must have been to teach men to identify themselves with the soul, and not with the body or the personality. Every act done at the cost of the personality or against its inclination, at the behest of the soul, emphasizes to the man that he is the soul. The way to realize one's union with any cause, is to make sacrifices for it. The most effective act of all would obviously be the complete sacrifice of the personality, its deliberate abandonment to death at the call of duty. "Then he sinks his ship beneath him, and goes on, on the wings of passion and desire". Or as an American Indian put it, in describing the death of a warrior: "Then he dropped his robe and went home to his Father."

The *Mahabharata*, from which we have already quoted, shows that the same view of death was taken at the time of Krishna, some five thousand years ago. Sisupala, a great warrior, had so fallen under the dominion of his evil passions that at last the total of his crimes exceeded the hundred that Krishna had pledged his word to forgive him. Finally a public insult to Krishna's saintly wife made further forbearance impossible, and Krishna hurled his discus, striking Sisupala dead:

> And his soul be-cleansed of passions, came forth from its mortal shroud,
> Like the radiant sun in splendour from a dark and mantling cloud;
> Unto Krishna, good and gracious, like a lurid spark aflame,
> Chastened of its sin and anger, Sisupala's spirit came.

To-day, most people are far more apt to take the attitude of the old lady who, in reply to a question about her ideas of a future life, answered testily:

"Of course I believe we all go to eternal bliss, but I wish you would not talk about such disagreeable subjects."

To those who see truly, bodies are only "robes" to be worn or dropped as the interests of the wearer dictate. If a warehouse full of thousands of overcoats caught fire, we should be filled with horror at the suggestion that a single fireman's life be sacrificed to save them. Arguments that the overcoats might ultimately save lives in Labrador, would not change our view in the least. In just the same way, the good of one soul outweighs in value any number of bodies. Other overcoats may be made for the natives of Labrador, and other bodies are gained by those who "drop their robes" at the behest of duty.

There is a magnificent—and true—story of one of the sieges of Chitor, again from the annals of India which record so many instances of splendid heroism. Toward the end of the thirteenth century, the Regent, Prince Bhimsi, of the Rajput kingdom of Mewar, married the Princess Padmini, said to have been the most beautiful woman in India. In the course of time, the report of her beauty reached the ears of the Mohammedan Emperor, Ala-ud-Din, at Delhi, who immediately resolved to possess her for himself. Accordingly, he insultingly demanded her surrender of Prince Bhimsi, and, on receipt of his indignant refusal, invaded Mewar with a great army. Chitor, its rock-girt capital, was besieged, but the repeated Moslem attacks on its walls were all beaten back with heavy losses by the Rajput defenders. Ala-ud-Din thereupon resorted to strategy. He sent word to Prince Bhimsi that he realized that Chitor was too valiantly defended to be taken and that, in consequence, he was going to abandon the siege and return to Delhi. He merely asked that, trusting himself entirely to the honour of his foe, he might, before leaving, be permitted to enter Chitor with only one follower, and be given the privilege of seeing the beautiful face of Padmini, not directly, but reflected in a mirror. The trust in his honour and the appeal to his chivalry worked on Prince Bhimsi's vanity, and he consented.

At the appointed time Ala-ud-Din, with one retainer only, appeared at the gates, was courteously welcomed by Bhimsi, and taken to the great hall of the palace, where a large mirror was hung. Padmini then passed behind them, her unveiled face reflected in the mirror. Ala-ud-Din expressed his delight and his gratitude for the courtesy shown him, and rose to go. Rajput courtesy required his host to see him safely back to his camp, a fact which the Emperor knew well and had counted upon. He also knew that Bhimsi would never allow himself to be outdone in generosity, but would feel that honour required him to put the same trust in the Emperor that the Emperor had placed in him. So, in spite of the protests and pleadings of his officers, Bhimsi, attended by only one retainer, escorted Ala-ud-Din back to his camp—and was promptly taken prisoner by Mohammedan troops placed in ambush for just that purpose.

The consternation in Chitor was not lessened by the receipt of a message from Ala-ud-Din that unless Padmini yielded herself to him, Prince Bhimsi would be put to a cruel death. A council of the Rajput nobles was called, and Padmini announced her readiness to comply with the demand, adding that they need not fear; she was giving no promise to remain alive and would carry with her the means to protect her honour. The Council sat for many hours,

but at the end, word was sent that Padmini would accede to the Emperor's demand on two conditions; first, that she might have a half-hour's final interview with Prince Bhimsi, and, second, that she should not be asked to go as a conquered slave-girl but like a Queen, with the same state that she had had when she first came as a bride to Chitor. These terms being eagerly accepted by Ala-ud-Din, Padmini, closely veiled and escorted by a retinue of 700 slave-girls, each in an elaborate sedan-chair with six bearers, went to the Moslem camp, to the tent of Prince Bhimsi. As the allotted half-hour was drawing to a close, a trumpet sounded, the 700 "slave-girls" leaped from their chairs as Rajput warriors in full armour, the 4,000 bearers drew their arms from under their cloaks, and a compact force of nearly 5,000 warriors charged into the Moslem army. A simultaneous sally of 8,000 horsemen from Chitor itself, cleared the way for the escape back to the city of Prince Bhimsi and his Princess, on swift horses brought for the purpose. Taken completely by surprise, a less disciplined army than that of the Moslems would have been routed, but they held their ground, their overwhelming numbers soon told, and before the Rajputs could extricate themselves and retire to Chitor, practically all of their nobles had fallen. Ala-ud-Din, however, had had enough for the time, and he sullenly withdrew to Delhi.

But it was only for a time. Five years later, he returned at the head of a new army. There were, unfortunately, no new warriors in Chitor to replace those who had fallen in rescuing Prince Bhimsi. The defenders were too few. When a hill commanding the town was taken, all knew that the end was only a matter of time. Then, the Annals of Mewar state, the Guardian Goddess of Chitor appeared on three successive nights to the Rana, giving the conditions with which he must comply if he wished to preserve the royal line, a line that traced its descent through a full score of centuries from Râma himself. There were in all thirteen princes of the Blood Royal, including the Rana himself. Twelve must give their lives, one after another, at intervals of three days. The eldest at once demanded and was accorded the privilege of dying first. Then each of the others in turn, at the required interval of three days, sallied forth and gave his life in battle. When only one of the sons was left, he was sent out of the city, much against his will, with a small band of followers, who succeeded in cutting their way through the besieging army to safety. The young Prince was saved, and to-day his descendants still rule in their ancient Kingdom. Visiting Englishmen, marvelling at the charm of their courtesy, wonder whence they derived their "divine manners".

The capture of Chitor by the Mohammedans was now clearly only a matter of days. The entire female population of the city, every wife and every daughter, from noble to peasant, formed into a long procession which, with slow step, passed through the streets to a great subterranean cavern, where a huge funeral pyre had been prepared. Last of all, with stately grace, came the beautiful Princess Padmini herself. As she passed through the entrance to the cavern, she turned with quiet dignity, and directed that the gateway be closed with rock, that even their ashes might remain inviolate from the conqueror.

Then every Rajput donned his armour and his saffron robe of death. Led by Prince Bhimsi, they threw open the gates and charged into the Moslem host, where they perished to a man. When the Emperor Ala-ud-Din rode through its seven gateways into Chitor, he entered a silent city of the dead, with no living inhabitant over whom he could triumph. Every man and every woman had followed their code to the end.

Four centuries later, in Scotland, we find the same unanimity in living up to a national code. Cluny, Chief of the Macpherson clan, had supported Bonnie Prince Charlie in his gallant attempt to gain the throne of England. After Culloden the English Government put a price on Cluny's head of £10,000, —a large sum still, but a great fortune in those days. Cluny was kept in concealment at great risk by his clan for seven years, his hiding place necessarily known to many, with never a whisper to the English troops that constantly searched for him. Cluny himself, disguised as a servant, once held the horse of the English General pursuing him, and was duly tipped a shilling for his pains. For many years after his final escape to France, Cluny's clansmen paid two sets of taxes, one under duress to the British Government, and the other of their own free will, to their exiled chief.

Loyalty is the foundation of every code, loyalty to the death, just as it is the foundation of chêlaship. As we have said, the great codes are preparation for chêlaship and it is only when they are so seen that their purpose can be understood. He who is loyal, whether it be to his sovereign, to his superior, or to his own standard of the right, develops a power of loyalty that can be turned in its entirety to loyalty to his Master. The Masters are warriors, waging ceaseless warfare against the evil in the world, and their chêlas have more need for loyalty, dash and courage than for pious platitudes. Some centuries ago, there was a great noble, Razzak by name, in the Kingdom of Golconda. His King was surrounded by traitors within the walls of his capital, and by enemies without. Razzak himself had indignantly refused a great bribe from these enemies, but the leaders of the army had not. One day the army laid down its arms and the gates of the capital were opened by treachery. Razzak from his window saw the enemy hosts entering the opened gate. Dashing from the house, he leaped on the back of his horse, without even waiting to saddle him. Then, crying that there would be one life at least given for his King that day, he charged down the narrow street, alone, into the head of the approaching column, and alone checked the advance of the entire army, until, wounded in seventy places, he fell unconscious. His foes, deeply impressed by his courage, tenderly nursed him back to life. One cannot help hoping that Razzak's code has, by now, brought him to chêlaship.

J. F. B. Mitchell.

BRIHAD ARANYAKA UPANISHAD

PART V, SECTION 13—PART VI, SECTION 1

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE GAYATRI

THE two longest Upanishads contain two chief elements: graduated instructions for those disciples who are studying the Divine Wisdom as a preparation for Initiation, and Dialogues of Initiation, such as the superb discourse of King Janaka with the Sage Yajnavalkya. In general, the instructions are based on symbolism, which in turn rests on the law of correspondences. The disciples are shown that what is already familiar to them is in harmony, part for part, with a spiritual mystery, the study of which is their present task.

Among those things which were familiar to them is the holy hymn known as the Gayatri, which is contained in the Third Circle of the Rig Veda, whose authorship, or, as the Vedas themselves would say, whose seership, is attributed to the great warrior, the Rajput Vishvamitra. The Gayatri contains three short lines of eight syllables each, preceded by an invocation, also of eight syllables. To make the symbolism clearer, the Gayatri may be translated as follows, retaining the divisions into eight syllables:

Om! the Earth, the Mid-world, Heaven!
That Life-giver's most excellent
Brightness divine, let us adore,
Who guides our souls upon their way!

The Gayatri is primarily a symbol of the formative Logos. As part of a ceremony, its use is regulated by certain rules. There is the initial intoning of the invocation; there is the formula or description of the ceremony; there is the chant, which is in fact a magical incantation, of the verse itself. Finally, there is the rule, the governing force, the fiery energy which goes into the incantation. Taken together, these elements or forces symbolize the formative Logos, the Divine Mind acting creatively.

First, the Intoning represents the Divine Thought, not yet fully uttered or enunciated, as it arises in the formative Logos from the unmanifested Logos, which is the first, earliest expression of the Eternal. Then the Formula, which represents the Divine Plan, corresponding to the Ideas of Plato; or, to use a more modern phrase, the mathematical formula according to which the divine Geometer will work in distributing galaxies and stars, worlds and their inhabitants. Third, the Chant, which represents the creative Word, or Voice, as when "God said, Let there be Light!"

From the simultaneous activity of these three aspects of the formative Logos,

the worlds come into manifestation, a manifestation which these teachings conceive, not as Force and Matter, but as Rule, or ordered Power, and Life, which "guards from all harm", since it is in its essence spiritual, divine, divinely ordered from the suns down to the ants.

These august formative powers are not merely mathematical formulæ, to be stated and then set aside. They are the great spiritual forces, nay, more, the great spiritual Beings, whose collective life makes up the universe. A true knowledge of them implies something more and better than a mathematical formula mastered; it means union with great spiritual Powers, or, more truly, a realization in conscious experience, that this union exists, and is the only real existence. Therefore the disciples are told that he who masters the real meaning of these Powers, wins oneness of nature, oneness of dwelling, with the Powers.

The disciples thus trace the cosmic impulse of manifestation outwards and downwards, in the sequence: Logos, Heavens, Mid-world, Earth. Their thoughts are then directed to the way in which the Gayatri and its parts symbolize the manifestations and states of consciousness, already attained, or yet to be attained, of the individual life. The four great fields or planes of consciousness have already been defined in *Mândûkya Upanishad*. They are there called: Waking, Dream, Dreamless, and Turiya. The last is simply a form of the ordinal number, "fourth", because that supreme consciousness, which is the highest Moksha or Nirvana, is nameless. The disciples will realize its fulness and mystery when, after ages of striving, they attain to it. Meanwhile, any definition would be vain. Yet something is added here; we are given two epithets for the Turiya consciousness: "the beautiful", and "above the dust of life".

The lesson on the Gayatri is followed by a majestic passage beginning: "By a veil as of gold, the face of the Real is hidden!" This passage, a part of a ritual of Initiation, has already been commented on, where it is included in *Isha Upanishad*.

Then comes the parable of the Great Breath and the vital powers. Here, as always in these teachings, the purpose is not only to impart information, but to awaken intuitive intelligence. We may most easily grasp the meaning if we remember that the Great Breath is the Spirit, the divine Soul, whether regarded as universal or as individual. All vital powers, all activities of Life, whether perceptive or active, are forms, aspects, manifestations, of the one universal Spirit. On Spirit all powers depend; in Spirit all vital powers have their being; apart from Spirit they have no existence. Not only does Spirit manifest these powers and the whole universe with them; Spirit is the universe, in self-manifestation. This is the lesson taught by this often repeated parable.

The Logos and Divine Consciousness

The Intoning: The Intoning, verily, is Life, for Life raises and supports all in this world. A hero, knowing the Intoning, rises up from him, he wins oneness of nature, oneness of dwelling, with the Intoning, who knows thus.

The Formula: The Formula, verily, is Life, for in Life all beings in this world are united. All beings are united for mastery to him, he wins oneness of nature, oneness of dwelling, with the Formula, who knows thus.

The Chant: The Chant, verily, is Life, for in Life all beings in this world come together. Coming together, verily, all beings build for the mastery of him, he wins oneness of nature, oneness of dwelling, with the Chant, who thus knows.

The Rule: The Rule, verily, is Life, the Rule, of a truth, is Life, for Life guards from all harm. He attains a Rule which needs not to be guarded, he wins oneness of nature, oneness of dwelling, with the Rule, who knows thus.

The Earth, the Mid-world, the Heavens,—these make up eight syllables. And one division of the Gayatri, the holy hymn, contains eight syllables. And that sequence is this division of it. As much as there is in these three worlds, so much does he win, who knows this division thus.

Verses, Formulas, and the Chants,—these make up eight syllables. And one division of the Gayatri contains eight syllables. And that sequence is this division of it. As much as is this threefold lore, so much does he win, who knows this division thus.

Breathing, Out-breathing, Forth-breathing,—these make up eight syllables. And one division of the Gayatri contains eight syllables. And that sequence is this division of it. As much that possesses Breathing as there is in this world, so much does he win, who knows this division thus.

And so there is the fourth (*turiya*), the beautiful division, he who gleams above the dust of life. This fourth (*turiya*) division is called the beautiful, because it is revealed. It is called above-the-dust because it gleams above, above the dust of life. He shines in grace and glory, who knows this division thus.

And this Gayatri, the holy hymn, is established upon that fourth (*turiya*) beautiful division, above the dust of life. That is established upon Truth. Vision, verily, is Truth; yea, Vision, verily is Truth. Therefore, if now two should come contending,—the one saying: "I have seen!", the other saying: "I have heard!" we should put faith in him who said: "I have seen!"

And that Truth is established on Power. Verily, Power is Life. It is established on Life. Therefore they say: "Power has greater radiance than Truth!" Thus is this Gayatri established with regard to the Divine Self.

This Gayatri protects the servants of the house. The life-breaths, verily, are the servants of the house. Thus it protects the life-breaths. Because it protects (*tra*) the servants of the house (*gaya*), it bears the name, Gayatri; it is the verse concerning the Life-giver, which is intoned. When one intones it, it protects his life-breaths.

There are those who intone this verse concerning the Life-giver in four times eight syllables. "Voice", they say, "has four times eight divisions; we intone the verse concerning the Life-giver in accordance with this!" Let him not do this, but let him intone the verse concerning the Life-giver as thrice eight syl-

lables. Verily, if he who knows thus lays hold on much, as it were,—that is not equal to even one division of the Gayatri.

If he should lay hold on the three worlds and all that therein is, he would obtain as much as the first division of the Gayatri. If he should lay hold on the threefold lore, he would obtain as much as the second division. If he should lay hold on all that possess Breathing, he would obtain as much as the third division. But the fourth (*turiya*) division, the beautiful, which gleams above the dust of life, cannot be thus obtained by anyone. For how could one lay hold upon so much!

Thus is the Gayatri approached with adoration: "O Gayatri, thou hast one division, two divisions, three divisions, four divisions; yet thou art without division, for thou art undivided! Adoration to thy fourth (*turiya*) division, the beautiful, above the dust of life! Let not that one obtain that,—that is, the enemy. Or, let not the desire of that one be fulfilled! Verily, his desire is not fulfilled, regarding whom one thus adores. Or, let me obtain that!"

Concerning this, Janaka, King of the Videhas, thus spoke to Budila the son of Ashvatarashvin: "If thou hast said that thou knowest the Gayatri, how hast thou become a bearer of burdens, as an elephant?"

"O King!" he replied, "I did not know its mouth!"

Verily, the Fire-lord is its mouth. For even if they lay much, as it were, on the fire, the fire consumes it all. In the same way, he who thus knows, even when he has committed much sin, purging himself of it all, he becomes cleansed, purified, free from decay, immortal.

By a veil as of gold, the face of the Real is hidden. O thou Shepherd of the flock, Lord of the sun, lift up that veil, for the vision of the law of the Real!

Shepherd and Lord of Light, thou only Seer, Lord of Death, Light-Giver, Son of the Lord of Life, send forth thy rays and bring them together!

That radiance of thine, thy form most beautiful I behold; the Spiritual Man in the real world. That am I!

My Spirit enters the Spirit, the Immortal. And this body has its end in ashes! Om!

O Sacrifice, remember! Remember what has been done! O Sacrifice, remember! Remember what has been done!

O Divine Fire, lead us by the good path to Victory! O Bright One, thou who knowest all wisdoms!

Give us victory over our consuming sin! To Thee we offer the highest word of praise!

Om! He, verily, who knows the most venerable and the best becomes the most venerable and best of his own people. The Great Breath, verily, is the most venerable and the best. He who knows thus becomes the most venerable and the best of his own people, and also of those of whom he wishes so to become.

He, verily, who knows the most excellent becomes the most excellent of his

own people. Voice, verily, is the most excellent. He who knows thus becomes the most excellent of his own people, and also of those of whom he wishes so to become.

He, verily, who knows the firm foundation stands firm both on even and on uneven ground. Seeing, verily, is the firm foundation, for through Seeing one stands firm on even and on uneven ground. He stands firm on even and on uneven ground who knows thus.

He, verily, who knows the treasure, attains as treasure whatsoever he desires. Hearing, verily, is the treasure, for in hearing is stored the treasure of all these Vedas. He attains as treasure whatsoever he desires who knows thus.

He, verily, who knows the abode becomes the abode of his own people, an abode of men. Mind, verily, is the abode. He becomes the abode of his own people, the abode of men, who knows thus.

He, verily, who knows the life-power increases in offspring and cattle. The seed, verily, is the life-power. He increases in offspring and cattle who knows thus.

They, verily, these vital powers contended among themselves as to which was the better. They went to Brahma. To Brahma they said: "Which of us is most excellent?"

To them Brahma said: "That one of you through whose going forth the body is thought to be most afflicted, that one of you is the most excellent!"

So Voice went forth. Going forth for a cycle and then returning, Voice said: "How have ye been able to live without me?"

They said: "As the dumb, not speaking, yet breathing with the breath, seeing with sight, hearing through the power of hearing, knowing through the mind, giving life through the life-power, thus have we lived!" Voice entered in again.

Then Seeing went forth. Going forth for a cycle and then returning, Seeing said: "How have ye been able to live without me?"

They said: "As the blind, not perceiving with sight, yet breathing with the breath, speaking with the voice, hearing through the power of hearing, knowing through the mind, giving life through the life-power, thus have we lived!" Seeing entered in again.

Then Hearing went forth. Going forth for a cycle and then returning, Hearing said: "How have ye been able to live without me?"

They said: "As the deaf, not hearing with the power of hearing, yet breathing with the breath, speaking with the voice, seeing with sight, knowing with the mind, giving life through the life-power, thus have we lived!" Hearing entered in again.

Then Mind went forth. Going forth for a cycle and then returning, Mind said: "How have ye been able to live without me?"

They said: "As the deluded, not knowing through the mind, yet breathing with the breath, speaking with the voice, seeing with sight, hearing through the power of hearing, giving life through the life-power, thus have we lived!" Mind entered in again.

Then the Life-power went forth. Going forth for a cycle and then returning, the Life-power said: "How have ye been able to live without me?"

They said: "As the impotent, not giving life through the life-power, yet breathing with the breath, speaking with the voice, seeing with sight, hearing with the power of hearing, knowing with the mind, thus have we lived!" The Life-power entered in again.

Then, when Breath would have gone forth, as a strong horse from the region of the Sindhu (Indus) might drag away his foot-ropes and their pegs, so did Breath drag away the lesser vital powers with him.

They said: "O Worthy One, go not forth! For without thee we shall not be able to live!"

"If such I be, then make an offering to me!"

"So be it!" said they.

Voice, verily, said: "Wherein I am most excellent, therein most excellent art thou!"

Seeing, verily, said: "Wherein I am a firm foundation, therein art thou the firm foundation!"

Hearing, verily, said: "Wherein I am a treasure, therein art thou the treasure!"

Mind, verily, said: "Wherein I am an abode, therein art thou the abode!"

The Life-power, verily, said: "Wherein I am giving life, therein art thou giving life!"

Breath said: "If such I be, what is my food? What is my dwelling?"

"Whatsoever there is in this world, down to the food of dogs, down to the food of caterpillars, down to the food of worms and butterflies, that is thy food! As for thy dwelling, it is the waters."

What is not food is not eaten by the Breath. What is not food is not laid hold of by him who knows thus: that it is the food of Life, of Breath. They who know this, who have heard the teaching, being about to eat, sip water, and having eaten, sip water. Thus they think that they make Breath not naked.

C. J.

(To be continued)

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Historian appeared to be exasperated, and was told so, promptly, by his fellows. He did not deny it, declaring, on the contrary, that he had full justification for his feeling. "One of the most appalling things in life", he said, "is the inability of man to learn from his experience. I recognize the same tendency in myself, which makes matters worse, not better, for it only adds to the intensity of my exasperation. *Why* are men such fools? *Why*, when a volcano has destroyed a dozen villages and half of their inhabitants, will the survivors insist upon rebuilding their homes under the shadow of the same old crater, instead of moving to another district? Have they not suffered enough? Must a man be blown to bits by dynamite in a thousand successive lives before he learns that dynamite is dangerous? Must a man commit the same sin a million times, and as often break the hearts of those he says he loves, before he learns that that particular sin 'does not pay'? So it seems,—and I doubt if a million times is enough."

"What has happened?" someone asked.

"Nothing, except always", the Historian answered. "The fools I find especially exasperating for the moment are America and England, with a large section of the French people included. The war taught them absolutely nothing. In 1913 they were convinced hat Germany was peace-loving, and in any case would not risk her commercial succ ss by any 'rash' or aggressive act. Lord Roberts warned England again and again, and people laughed at him, though they pretended to admire him as a soldier and to respect his disinterestedness. France was warned, not only by her best soldiers, but by the King of the Belgians among others; and France as a whole, in spite of going through some of the motions of preparation, remained convinced that in this enlightened age, and with so many German Socialists swearing by Internationalism and the Proletarian Brotherhood, no German Government would dare wage a war of aggression and rapine. America, of course, did not think about it at all: was not America sufficient unto itself, with its vast undeveloped resources, and more than fully occupied with the stupendous task—a religious duty indeed—of extracting the greatest possible amount of wealth from every source whatsoever? It was inconceivable that any nation or race of men could have any other aim. And it is still! I believe a fool of that size, in the eyes of God, is just as damnable an object as the worst of criminals: the one has no sense and the other has no morals, and as both *ought* to have what they lack, the sin lies in the existence of the vacuum, not in the nature of the thing that ought to be there and isn't.

"Listen, please, to this:—

"A native of Bâle, Switzerland, residing in Alsace, who happened to be visiting

Coblence during the recent parade of the 'Steel Helmet-Hitlerite' organizations, wrote to the *Journal d'Alsace et de Lorraine* describing his experience as follows (I am quoting from the *Courrier des Etats-Unis* of October 28th, 1930, which reproduces the original article):

> "What struck me most forcibly was the attitude of the civilians: they uncovered their heads whenever the Steel Helmets shouted '*Heil!*', and in the behaviour o workmen, shop-keepers and of everyone I saw, the most extraordinary fervour and fanaticism. Flags and flowers everywhere! And when the big chiefs passed, when the crowd exclaimed in a tone of ecstasy, the Kronprinz!—then one saw an amazing exhibition of 'collective mania', with thousands of men, women and children swinging their arms to the rhythm of the music, marching with the procession, and cheering with the frenzy of epileptics. . . .
>
> "As you may imagine, I speak German, and I exchanged remarks with many of them. All of them, with clenched fists and set jaws, declared in one way or another: 'It won't be long before we have the hide of those who have humiliated us!' And I heard the loud-speaker vomit—there is no other word for it—over the vast crowd which listened between howls of enthusiasm: 'If they push us too far, Germany, in a new war, will not stand alone again!' And also, from the mouth of Duesterberg, these words, amplified into a tempest by the loud-speaker: 'Never will we abandon the Germans of Alsace and Lorraine, frenchified by force!' A man near me shouted, Locarno! and then roared with laughter. . . . I got out of it as soon as I could."

"Collective hysteria: exactly the spirit in which Germany started the Great War! And our Pacifists think that because they twitter, Peace, Peace, the leopard will change its spots! We have said from the day of the Armistice that while there are many in Germany who talk as glibly about Peace as anyone in England or America, the overwhelming majority of Germans think and feel exactly as they did, say in May, 1914. Hitlerism is disapproved by the majority to-day simply because it is regarded as premature and injudicious,—as an exposure (which it is) of Germany's real purpose when it would be far wiser to continue to conceal that purpose,—until Pacifism has finished its work in England and America, and until France, as they hope, has been lulled into a false sense of security.

"Meanwhile, of course, everything possible is being done to prove that Germany was not responsible for the last war: it may have been Russia, it may have been France or Austria or even England, but it certainly was not Germany! This sort of propaganda is being carried on directly, by ceaseless asseveration, and also with the co-operation of the American and English press, which thinks it 'good business' to create doubt about the 'war-guilt', so that international relations may be conducted with eyes closed to the past and fixed only on the financial expediencies of the moment. 'Better forget it', they seem to reason, 'even if he was a thief and a murderer, for to-day he may be a good customer, and nothing really matters so long as he has the cash.'

"It is necessary, therefore, as I see it, to recall the facts as they have been set forth in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY from the beginning, namely: that the German General Staff had decided to find some pretext for war as soon as the enlargement of the Kiel Canal had been completed; that this had been promised for the spring of 1914, and that the German Emperor, who was almost wholly irresponsible, had committed himself to the policy of his Staff. That I have described the Emperor accurately is shown beyond dispute in the Memoirs of the Prince von Bülow, chapters from which have been published recently, in advance of the complete book, in *L'Illustration* of Paris; that the Emperor, by November, 1913, at the latest, had committed himself to the policy of the General Staff, which had pocketed the Crown Prince long before, is proved conclusively by his own statements to King Albert of Belgium, when the King visited Potsdam at that time, and was so shocked by the Emperor's bellicose attitude that he instructed the Belgian Minister at Berlin, Baron Beyens, to cause the President of the French Republic, M. Poincaré, to be warned confidentially of the impending danger. What the Emperor said to King Albert is told at length by Baron Beyens in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of June 15th, 1930,—words which the King reported to him immediately, and which could not possibly be published now without the King's full knowledge and consent. 'War with France is inevitable and near', was one of the Emperor's declarations, preparing the way, as he saw it (little he knew of King Albert!), for the German ultimatum to Belgium of August 2nd, 1914. Thinking he could frighten the King, by anticipation, into a cowardly surrender, the Emperor had prompted Count Moltke, Chief of the General Staff, to impress the King with the certainty of a German victory: 'War with France', Moltke had said, 'would excite universal enthusiasm in Germany; nothing would be able to resist the *furor teutonicus*, once that was let loose', while the German army, of course, was overwhelmingly superior."

"The march past at Coblence of more than a hundred thousand members of the Stahlhelm, or Steel Helmet, organization", the Student commented, "was noticed at some length in *The Literary Digest* of November 8th, with the explanation that the Stahlhelm claims a membership of over a million men, most of them ex-service men, including many officers of high rank,—General von Seeckt among them. It is also explained that the Stahlhelm is well organized on military lines, and possesses both an Air Detachment and a Motor Transport Service. According to the report reprinted in the *Digest*, the chief orator of the occasion, with the former Crown Prince at his side, declared: 'The world must know that if Germany does not obtain her rights, sixty million people will rise in desperation! And they will not stand alone: the oppressed peoples, not the whites alone, but the coloured world as well, will rise with them!'

"Part of the trouble, as I see it, is that the German people are 'possessed', and that although they have quiet intervals, there is no knowing, from day to day, when as a nation they may become violent. In that condition, as history proves, they are filled with a blood-lust which destroys their reason.

They are possessed by influences which are not human, but elemental and diabolic; which not only love cruelty for the sake of cruelty, but destruction for the sake of destruction. Listen to this, which I read a few days ago in *Red Cross and Iron Cross*, by Axel Munthe, the famous Swedish doctor. Nothing new in it, of course, but as his *Story of San Michele* became a 'best seller' in this country, not many months ago, it is possible that people will accept his testimony when the evidence of the Bryce and similar reports, would not affect them in the least. His book was first published in June, 1916. Writing at that time, he quotes himself as saying to the Mayor of a French village:

> "The country I was born in says it can maintain its peace without the loss of its honour, and be it so. But I am at war; for the individual there is no neutrality between right and wrong. Yes, I know now what they are. I have read it in letters of flame and blood in the proclamations of their Generals on the blackened walls of your peaceful villages. I have heard it cried out in prayers and curses from the lips of their victims. I have seen it in the burnt faces of a little row of angels' heads amongst the debris of the high-altar of the Cathedral of Rheims.
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> "You call them Huns and barbarians, I call them cool-headed, scientific criminals, guilty of horrors which have not as yet got a name in our language.
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> "Listen to what I saw not many days ago in a house they had just hurriedly left. Let me tell it you as I saw it, as I felt it, with its small details and its great horror. . . .
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> "A broken-down motor-car of theirs still stood before the garden gate. In the hall stood two packing-cases ready for the pictures already detached from the walls. In the drawing-room the big Venetian mirror was smashed to pieces, and there was not one single chair that had not its legs broken, its brocade ripped open. In the dining-room the big table was loaded with empty champagne bottles, and the floor was strewn with broken glass and china and playing-cards. In the bedroom of the mistress of the house all the wardrobes and drawers stood wide open, with all their contents flung in heaps on the floor, dresses and cloaks of muslin, silk and velvet, all torn to rags as if some sort of savage satisfaction had been derived from the harsh sound of the very tearing. Two carefully sorted piles of *lingerie* lying on the table revealed the presence of an officer—as usual the temptation to secure fine underlinen had proved irresistible to the head of the band.
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> " '*La chambre des enfants*', said the old caretaker as she opened the door to the children's nursery on the top floor. The room was large and airy, the walls were white, and the setting sun shone in through the big window facing the garden. Near the door stood a rocking-horse on three legs stripped of its saddle, its mane and tail torn off, its back and flanks hacked by deep, angry cuts from some sharp instrument. In the corner of the room stood a large doll's house with its red-tiled roof smashed in, and half-buried amongst the wreckage lay its tiny inhabitants amidst all sorts of broken toy furniture, diminutive chairs, sofas and cupboards, lilliputian kitchen utensils and crockery. On a low table under the window stood a musical box all knocked to pieces. In a child's

swing sat a huge felt monkey with outstretched arms, stunned by a violent blow that had almost severed the head from the body. The polished floor was strewn with lacerated sheets of children's picture books, and dolls and toys of every description, tin soldiers, mousquetaires, harlequins, elephants, sheep, dogs, cats and rabbits, motor-cars, aeroplanes, and captive balloons, all smashed to atoms. The gaily coloured prints on the white walls were splashed with ink. Leaning against the pillows of a little settee sat a big teddy bear with his stomach ripped open. In a dainty brass bed with blue curtains, well tucked up under her embroidered counterpane, lay a smart Paris doll with her own baby doll clasped in her arms, murdered in her sleep by a well-directed blow which had battered in her face. At the foot of the bed lay a gallant little *Chasseur d'Afrique* in his wide red trousers and gold-braided tunic with both his arms torn out of their sockets.

"Over the settee where the dead teddy bear sat was a large picture of three lovely children with long curls and delicate, refined faces. Holding each other by the hand they smiled happily upon their fairy world. On the pale-blue rug before the settee was the big, dirty mark of an enormous foot.

"There is a name for the treacherous invasion and the merciless pillage of a peace-loving land, and thousands of arms are raising the gallows where some day the guilty shall swing. But what is the name for the hatred that stole into this nursery, what is the expiation that awaits the unclean monster who came here to crush the laughter of these three little children under his cloven foot? How am I to classify the murderer of a doll? What unknown power of darkness led him here to this white room? Animal instinct? Certainly not, for not even the infuriated ape, sinister forerunner of primitive man, would have simulated murder in carrying out his work of wanton destruction! Human instinct? Certainly not, for not even the Hun would have destroyed the little belongings of these fugitive children, left by them in trust, in trust to what is sacred to every living man."

"It is appalling", said the Historian; "but what drives me almost to despair, as I have said already, is the refusal of most people, otherwise intelligent, to face the facts. They refuse to look into the depths of their own nature, to begin with; they refuse to see that, hidden beneath the level of their everyday consciousness, there are things of evil which, granting sufficient provocation or temptation, would rise to the surface and take possession of them and drive them to almost any sin. Refusing to see that, they cannot possibly protect themselves as otherwise they might,—for the man who sees an enemy as an enemy, and who recognizes the danger of an attack, will remain perpetually on guard, and will strengthen his own defences in every way known to him. Furthermore, refusing to look at the depths of which they are capable, they refuse also to look at the heights,—and for much the same reason: either recognition would jar their satisfaction with themselves, that is to say, with their hum-drum personalities, which I assume are neither very good nor very bad, but to which the occupants have become habituated, deriving, in many cases, genuine satisfaction from the sense that they are 'better than the average'.

"The German people, as a whole, are proud of their outbreaks of insanity, which they see, not in those terms, but as proof of their inherent 'Knightliness'! This alone, makes their condition hopeless. No man can conquer a defect or a vice, so long as he sees it as evidence of his superiority. And the truth is that even when there is some recognition of a fault (let us say, an intellectual recognition, which Germany does not possess in the least, when it comes to her more outrageous tendencies), whenever the individual claims that he has struggled against it for years, but without success, his failure is proof positive that he harbours a secret admiration for the defect he pretends to dislike. If we do not know this much of ourselves, we know nothing.

"Ignorance of self, both higher and lower, inevitably means ignorance of human nature in general, often with sentimental and wishy-washy theories in regard to the 'trust' we owe to all and sundry. Read such a book as *Men are Like That*, by Leonard Ramsden Hartill, with its first-hand record of the struggle between Armenians, Kurds and Tartars, Russians and Turks, before, during, and after the Great War: it is written with extraordinary detachment; the man who tells the story, although an Armenian, shows quite clearly that his own people were as cruel as any of their enemies, and that there was no limit to the ferocity with which all alike, not only inflicted, but enjoyed inflicting, every imaginable torment on their foes, from skinning them alive, up or down the scale. In the midst of these horrors, he tells of acts of real kindness, of genuine self-sacrifice, showing that there are exceptions to the rule,—and I am more than prepared to believe that there are exceptions also among the Germans: in fact, Munthe has much to say of the remorse felt by some wounded German soldiers, who knew that they were dying, for the outrages they had committed in obedience to their officers. On the other hand, death-bed repentance will not restore a murdered woman to life, and my point is, not that men never repent—for a few do—but that creatures, supposed to be human, are capable of conduct which is worse than that usually attributed to fiends in hell. To proceed on any other theory; to pretend, as many do (as Rousseau did), that man—that is to say, the personality—is inherently good, is to shut one's eyes to all the lessons of history: it is both stupid and wicked.

"It should, of course, be emphasized equally that ordinary men have risen to heights of splendour and nobility which leave one speechless with admiration,—with a sort of worship for such spiritual beauty. The Great War proved this for ever. A book like *Les Diverses Familles Spirituelles de la France*, by Maurice Barrès, will remain as a permanent record of human greatness, of the joy, even the ecstasy, which men have found, and always may find, in complete self-giving. It is a collection of extracts from letters, written by French soldiers at the front, commented upon and strung together by a patriot and man of genius, whose heart was as active as his mind. There is, unfortunately, nothing to equal it in English, so far as I know. A book recently published, *The Crown of Honour, Being Stories of Heroism, Gallantry, Magnanimity and Devotion from the Great War of 1914–1918*, selected and arranged by William Moodie (James Clarke and Co., London), does not cover at all the same ground,

and is much more limited in spirit, but contains invaluable quotations from other published records: a book which everyone ought to buy and read and lend. On almost every page there is something inspiring. The French writer often makes one feel that one ought to read his recital on one's knees; that such beauty of soul as he reveals in others, is almost unbearable. This, doubtless, is partly because he felt that way himself, as he copied and meditated upon the letters, usually written to relatives, and loaned to him by them, after the writer in many cases had been announced as '*tombé au champ d'honneur et mort joyeusement pour son pays*',—yes, joyously for his country. The English selector was handicapped, possibly, by having done his work at a time when the Labour Government in England was suggesting that the tomb of the Unknown Soldier had been treated with respect, long enough. When an atmosphere exists in which a suggestion of that kind is tolerated, it may even require some courage to publish a book which deals with such unpopular subjects as chivalry, gratitude, self-sacrifice, heroism, and the higher qualities of man's mixed nature, particularly when these have undeniably been evoked by war, which the members of the aforesaid Labour Government, almost without exception, denounced as inherently evil and undemocratic as soon as England rushed to the aid of invaded and outraged Belgium."

"It is extraordinary, is it not", our Visitor now interjected, "that war, which obviously arouses the worst in some men, should arouse the best and noblest in others!"

"I do not think it extraordinary", the Historian answered. "War is a spiritual reality,—an expression on the physical plane of the ultimate truth of life; for manifestation necessitates duality, and is inconceivable without it, and duality means the existence of polar opposites, which must become more extreme in difference, the further Spirit descends into Matter, or the further the world of manifestation becomes removed from its divine Source. A Master, being closer to that Source than any other achievement of the present evolutionary process; being, as it were, the embodiment of the spiritual pole, plus the self-consciousness and wisdom and power which he has wrested from his experience of manifested life,—a Master, in the nature of things, is a supreme expression of the warrior spirit, perpetually at war with every spiritual perversion, with every creature and influence whose tendency is toward evil. This does not mean an academic dislike of things that are not pretty; it means a ceaseless effort and an immovable determination, first, to rescue or salvage as much as possible of the divine life that has been perverted to evil purposes, second, *to destroy* all those manifestations of life, human included, which refuse to be made over, which cling to their own will, rejecting the divine will, and which clearly prove themselves to be beyond redemption.

"I do not suppose that anyone, who is not a student of Theosophy, can really understand this. How I wish they might! Both life and history are meaningless without it. Brahmâ, Vishnu, Sîva, the eternal trinity—Brahmâ, the Creator; Vishnu, the Preserver; Sîva, the Destroyer—are the three inseparable aspects of the nature of every Master.

"Thus, the Master Christ declared: 'The Son of man is come to save that which was lost.' That was his chief purpose in that incarnation; but he could not, even if he had wished to, suppress that other effect of his presence, inherent in his own being as Destroyer *also*, which he recognized when saying, 'For judgment I am come into this world, that they which see not, might see; and that they which see might be made blind'; and again, 'If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin, but now they have no cloak for their sin.' And he announced then that, at the time of his next coming, the Destroyer aspect of his nature would be predominant,—as in the words: 'When the Son of man shall come in his glory . . . then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' 'The wrath of the Lamb' can be as terrible as his beauty. It is so with any Master.

"Just as Christ, therefore, by his mere presence among men, had the effect of separating the sheep from the goats, long before the final separation, so War, which, as I have said, is an expression on the physical plane of the ultimate truth of life,—War inevitably arouses the worst in some men and the best in others,—the worst, in those who follow after the Scribes and Pharisees, after Judas, Pilate, Herod, Caiaphas and the rest; the best, in those who have something in them, no matter how deeply hidden, of the generosity, self-forgetfulness, and courage, which the apostles clearly possessed, in spite of their initial cowardice and disloyalty, their stupidities and many limitations. Those who say that the effect of War is evil, and who refuse to see in it a process of spiritual 'forcing', should, if logical, also regard the incarnation of Christ as a great misfortune for mankind. The fact remains, however—though there is no way in which to prove it—that there are some who behaved as the enemies of Christ in Palestine, but who, later, reacted, repented (drawn by him), and may someday give themselves completely to his service. That, of course, has no direct bearing on an understanding of the subject. I only wish that I could flatter myself that I have made the principles involved, a trifle clearer."

"Nothing is clear", the Philosopher commented, "to those who do not want to understand. People have an astonishing ability to shut their minds when they wish to preserve their prejudices,—or what they regard as their self-interest, as the case may be. It is certain, however, that we should learn to see life *as a whole*, and that the man who insists upon seeing nothing but good, is just as foolish as the man who insists upon seeing nothing but evil. I agree very thoroughly with something that Masefield, the new poet laureate, is reported to have said recently (he, too, is a mixture): 'I believe', he said, 'that life is the expression of a will or law which has a purpose in every one of its manifestations. I believe that this world is only a shadow of the real world, and I think that by brooding on what is brightest and most generous in this world, the beauty and the bounty and the majesty of the real world shine in upon the soul.' Let us apply that to War; let us brood upon what War reveals of the beauty, generosity, nobility, devotion, splendour that, as a rule, in times of peace, lie dormant and unproductive in human nature."

T.

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY

April 19th, 1859—November 18th, 1930

DR. ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY, one of the oldest members of the Society in terms of service, died on November 18th at St. Luke's Hospital, New York. His heart had troubled him for some months, and at times had caused him a great deal of pain. After a severe attack on November 12th, he was moved to St. Luke's, where he received every care and attention, and seemed much better. He was able to see his friends, and was at all times most cheerful, especially so, perhaps, on the day of his death, when the end came suddenly and without suffering. His body was cremated on November 20th, after a service at the Chapel of the Comforter.

Dr. Keightley was born in Westmoreland, England, on April 19th, 1859. His father was Alfred Dudley Keightley of Liverpool, who came of Swedenborgian stock; his mother's maiden name was Wakefield, a family of Quakers. He was educated at Charterhouse and at Pembroke College, Cambridge—both of which places he always dearly loved. After taking his B.A. degree at Cambridge, he became a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, London (1886), then became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and a Master of Arts and Doctor of Medicine of Cambridge. Subsequently, he passed the necessary examination and qualified as a physician to practise under the laws of the State of New York. He served his medical apprenticeship at "Bart's", in London, which was, in the opinion of many, the best medical school in the world. In later years, from his consulting rooms and home in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, he carried on a large practice in London, gaining an immense experience and outstanding reputation in chronic cases of all kinds.

From 1896, until he left England for the last time in 1920, Dr. Keightley was very active as a Freemason. He was P.M. of his Lodge, and P.S.G.D. in the Grand Lodge of Surrey, with high degrees in other Rites.

While a student at Cambridge, he became interested in the phenomena of Spiritualism, as indicating the existence of unseen forces in which he instinctively believed. He experimented in Alchemy, and devoured all the books he could find that dealt with Neo-Platonic and mystical subjects. Noticing an advertisement of *Esoteric Buddhism*, he promptly bought a copy,—and thus found Theosophy. His allegiance to it never wavered to the day of his death. Hastening to obtain an introduction to Mr. Sinnett (this was in 1884), he met Mr. Judge at Sinnett's house, when Mr. Judge was on his way to meet H. P. B. in Paris before continuing his journey to India. Very shortly afterwards, on the famous occasion when she "irrupted" into a meeting of the London members

—sent there from Paris at a moment's notice by her Master, without any idea of where the meeting was to be held, and obliged to rely upon what she described as her "occult nose"—Dr. Keightley first met Madame Blavatsky. He stood the test of the so-called Hodgson exposure without flinching, too loyal by nature as well as too intelligent to be misled by the prejudices and prevarications of the "Researchers" into psychical phenomena. He had met Richard Hodgson twice, while at Cambridge, and had not liked him.

Later, after H. P. B.'s return from India, while she was writing *The Secret Doctrine* at Ostende, Dr. Keightley wrote jointly with a few others, urging her to make her headquarters in London, and finally went there to escort her to the home which he and one or two friends had prepared for her at Norwood. It was while living there, that H. P. B. was persuaded to start The Blavatsky Lodge and to undertake the publication of *Lucifer*, Dr. Keightley helping financially and in all other ways, giving most of his time to editing, typing and correcting the manuscript of *The Secret Doctrine*, and, later, working just as hard over the proof.

We think, sometimes, that we have seen strenuous times, but we do not flatter ourselves that they can be compared with the strain and stress of those early days in London, under H. P. B. The Blavatsky Lodge, it should be remembered, was founded as a protest against the spirit and methods of the London Lodge as conducted by Sinnett. The general public, at the same time, regarded H. P. B. as an exposed fraud. Dr. Keightley was a young man, still dependent upon his family. It is easy to imagine how intensely they must have disapproved of his interests, and possibly of his expenditures. It is not so easy to imagine the strength of character, and yet the sweetness, with which he would have met and overcome such opposition.

In 1887, Dr. Keightley and the same small group of friends were responsible for moving H. P. B. from Norwood to 17 Lansdowne Road, where the work was carried on with ever-increasing momentum. In the following spring, at H. P. B.'s request, Dr. Keightley attended the first Convention of the American Section of the T. S., which was held in Chicago. [H. P. B.'s "message" to the American Section, on that occasion, is reprinted in this issue of the QUARTERLY.] Next year (1889), it was again suggested that Dr. Keightley should visit America, but at first H. P. B. was opposed to his doing so. One Sunday night, she said so "finally". At half past six next morning, she sent for Dr. Keightley and asked him: "When can you start for America?" "By the next steamer", he replied. So on Tuesday he sailed, visiting Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, Washington, and also Philadelphia, where he first made the acquaintance of his future wife, who was then a widow, Mrs. J. Campbell Ver Planck, —obliged to live in Philadelphia for family reasons, but none the less Mr. Judge's mainstay in helping to edit *The Path*, besides contributing invaluable articles as "Jasper Niemand" and under other pen-names.

As a boy, Dr. Keightley had travelled a good deal with his parents, visiting Switzerland in 1877, writing later of this experience: "Familiarity of all the passes to the Engadine, as if I knew them well: sort of eerie sensation." In

1879, the family spent some time in Algiers; in 1880, again to Switzerland, with "same experience of the passes." It was towards the end of 1890 that he travelled round the world with his only sister, for the sake of her health, spending six months in New Zealand. From there he went to San Francisco, visiting the Branches on the Coast, and lecturing on Theosophy whenever he was invited to do so. In spite of his devoted care, his sister died, this being one of the greatest sorrows of his life. Crossing the continent, he attended the Boston Convention in 1891, and returned to England in the summer of that year. But H. P. B. was dead, and Judge was in America: possibly that had something to do with the brevity of his stay in England, for he was soon back in America, marrying Mrs. Ver Planck in the autumn of 1891, and settling in New York, where he practised his profession while giving as much time as he could to lecturing and other work for the Society. It was not until the spring of 1893 that he and Mrs. Keightley moved to London, where, later, he began to build up a practice which increased steadily as the years passed. He did this, partly to please his aging mother and to be within easy reach of her in Westmoreland, and partly because Judge wanted Mrs. Keightley to supervise a department of the work at the headquarters of the Society in London, during the prospective absence of Mrs. Besant in India. It well may have been that Mr. Judge foresaw what would happen to Mrs. Besant when subjected to the flattery and spells of the very wily Brahmins,—and others. He knew, in any case, that he could trust "Arch" Keightley and Mrs. Keightley, and he knew that he could *not* trust the members who resided at headquarters, then at 17 Avenue Road. For H. P. B.'s sake, he was anxious to save as much as possible out of the wreckage in England which Mrs. Besant was almost certain to create, and he believed that Dr. and Mrs. Keightley between them might be able, as he said, "to hold things steady" if any could. At first, therefore, after their arrival in London, they resided at 19 Avenue Road, next door to the headquarters, their appearance on the scene quite markedly resented by most of the residents there. After an interval, this resentment temporarily died down. Later, however, when Mrs. Besant, from India, took the lead in the attacks on Judge, the tension at headquarters in London became extreme. The Keightleys, as Judge's friends, found it impossible to remain there. They stayed for a time at Richmond, where Judge found them when he arrived in London for the outrageous "trial" (July, 1894) which the manœuvres of Mrs. Besant and Colonel Olcott had made necessary. Dr. Keightley was the foremost of Judge's representatives at this "trial", immovably loyal and entirely undaunted. He saw clearly that the attack on Judge was really an attack, through Judge, on H. P. B. and on Theosophy—especially on the first object of the Society,—the more orthodox Brahmins having always resented bitterly the alleged "betrayal" by H. P. B. of their esoteric doctrine to non-Brahmins and to Europeans and Americans. Later, after Judge's return to New York, Dr. Keightley used his house in Cavendish Square, where he lived and practised, as an unofficial headquarters for all members in England who remained loyal to the principles which Judge, on behalf of the Founders of the Society, and on behalf of H. P. B., was so

steadfastly upholding. After the Boston Convention in 1895, at which those principles were accepted by the Society in America, with an invitation to members throughout the world to unite on the same platform, Dr. Keightley's home became the official centre of the work in England.

In 1896, Judge died, prematurely, worn out by the venom of the attacks to which he and the Society had been subjected. Mrs. Tingley was called upon to fill the gap, as others were not "ready". Dr. and Mrs. Keightley came to New York, and with unfailing loyalty accepted the situation, though without liking it. Returning to England, they endured the Tingley "Crusade" with as good a grace as possible. In 1897, when Mrs. Tingley was deposed, owing to her serious misuse of the position entrusted to her, the Keightleys, not surprised, and possibly, in the circumstances, considerably relieved, continued to represent the original Society in England. Their change of address, from Cavendish Square to Brook Street, in no way affected their theosophical activities, Mrs. Keightley doing all that she could to be of help, in spite of her constant ill-health and suffering. But in October, 1915, Mrs. Keightley died, leaving her husband with many warm and devoted friends, but without the companionship of anyone with whom he had been associated in the early years of the Movement. It was almost inevitable that he would find his way back to New York, and he did, returning here first in 1919, to attend the Convention, and permanently in 1920, when he proceeded to build up yet another practice, as usual making a host of new friends, as well as renewing ties which belonged to eternity as well as to time.

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And now for the man himself,—with the grief for his going still on us. He went on the day following the birthday of the Society to which he had devoted his life. H. P. B. loved him, Judge loved him, everyone who really knew him loved him. No one hated him: he was too obviously kind, generous, true, with the heart of a child to the last gasp of life in him. He was always a reminder of: "And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness, Round our restlessness, His rest." Perhaps it was this quiet conviction, half hidden behind his smile, which helped to make him the remarkable healer he was. An anatomist such as few are, with an immense experience in the field of medication—open-minded as every Theosophist should be, as ready to use Homeopathic, Eclectic, and other remedies, as those of his own school, so long as he found they were effective—he was above all "a born healer", as H. P. B. said of him. His patients loved him for the sweetness of his nature and for his wonderful kindness, for his sympathy and ready understanding. His knowledge of Theosophy enabled him to act as physician to weary hearts and blighted souls as much as to diseased bodies, as hundreds could testify. He was not a rich man, but at least half his time and labour were given for love of his work and of his fellows, without financial recompense, and always he was anxious to reduce his fees in case of need.

Perhaps the most beautiful trait in his nature was his humility,—a most rare

humility. He would discuss a case and its treatment, with a layman, on terms of perfect equality, listening eagerly to every suggestion, never thinking that the layman should accept the dictum of the professional and far more experienced man. He was modesty itself in all these ways, as well as in his theosophical relations, unconscious, literally, of his sacrifices for the Movement, quietly hopeful that he had been "of some use" to H. P. B. and to Judge, but entirely unaware of the tremendous services he had rendered. That both H. P. B. and Judge had been devoted to him, he accepted as one of the miracles of his life, in no way connected with his deserts.

Overflowing with kindness, he was incapable of resentment, though, in the Movement, when people had once proved themselves traitors to the Cause, the finality with which he could drop them out of his life, was remarkable.

H. P. B. presented him with the two volumes of *The Secret Doctrine* as soon as she saw him after their publication. In the first she wrote:

"To Archibald Keightley, a true Theosophist—the friend, helper, brother and occult child, of his true and faithful—through her last æon—

"H. P. Blavatsky.·.

"February 1st, 1889."

In the second volume she wrote:

"To Archibald Keightley, my truly loved friend and brother, and one of the zealous editors of this work; and may these volumes, when their author is dead and gone, remind him of her, whose name in the present incarnation is

"H. P. Blavatsky.

"My days are my Pralayas, my nights—my Manvantaras.

"H. P. B., Feb. 1, 1889

"London."

* * * * * * *

Well,—he has gone, though not far and not for long. He knew who was his Master, and in his heart was perfect trust. Thinking no evil, he will find the Good, joining those who prepare for the next "big push". Meanwhile, as the ranks of the older members thin, it is for those who were called at the sixth or ninth and even at the eleventh hour, to press forward to fill the gaps, not by trying to fill the same place left open, but by filling their own place as they have never filled it before,—by filling it with the humility of "Arch" Keightley, with something of his fidelity and tenacity of purpose, with his ability to forget himself and to make any sacrifice without thinking of it except as an opportunity and a joy. That is the only way in which gratitude to him can be lifted from this world to where he is.

E. T. H.

H. P. B.'S MESSAGE TO THE CONVENTION, 1888

To William Q. Judge,

General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society.

My Dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22d, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the assembled Delegates and good Fellows of our Society, and to yourself—the heart and soul of that Body in America. We were several, to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly, if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me then thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps the last, time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that, on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives, as I know, pre-eminently in yours. May the assembled Society feel the warm greeting as earnestly as it is given, and may every Fellow present, who realizes that he has deserved it, profit by the Blessings sent.

Theosophy has lately taken a new start in America which marks the commencement of a new Cycle in the affairs of the Society in the West. And the policy you are now following is admirably adapted to give scope for the widest expansion of the movement, and to establish on a firm basis an organization which, while promoting feelings of fraternal sympathy, social unity, and solidarity, will leave ample room for individual freedom and exertion in the common cause—that of helping mankind.

The multiplication of local centres should be a foremost consideration in your minds, and each man should strive to be a centre of work in himself. When his inner development has reached a certain point, he will naturally draw those with whom he is in contact under the same influence; a nucleus will be formed, round which other people will gather, forming a centre from which information and spiritual influence radiate, and towards which higher influences are directed.

But let no man set up a popery instead of Theosophy, as this would be suicidal

and has ever ended most fatally. We are all fellow-students, more or less advanced; but no one belonging to the Theosophical Society ought to count himself as more than, at best, a pupil-teacher—one who has no right to dogmatize.

Since the Society was founded, a distinct change has come over the spirit of the age. Those who gave us commission to found the Society foresaw this, now rapidly growing, wave of transcendental influence following that other wave of mere phenomenalism. Even the journals of Spiritualism are gradually eliminating the phenomena and wonders, to replace them with philosophy. The Theosophical Society led the van of this movement; but, although Theosophical ideas have entered into every development or form which awakening spirituality has assumed, yet Theosophy pure and simple has still a severe battle to fight for recognition. The days of old are gone to return no more, and many are the Theosophists who, taught by bitter experience, have pledged themselves to make of the Society a "miracle club" no longer. The faint-hearted have asked in all ages for signs and wonders, and when these failed to be granted, they refused to believe. Such are not those who will ever comprehend Theosophy pure and simple. But there are others among us who realize intuitionally that the recognition of pure Theosophy—the philosophy of the rational explanation of things and not the tenets—is of the most vital importance in the Society, inasmuch as it alone can furnish the beacon-light needed to guide humanity on its true path.

This should never be forgotten, nor should the following fact be overlooked. On the day when Theosophy will have accomplished its most holy and most important mission—namely, to unite firmly a body of men of all nations in brotherly love and bent on a pure altruistic work, not on a labour with selfish motives—on that day only will Theosophy become higher than any nominal brotherhood of man. This will be a wonder and a miracle truly, for the realization of which Humanity is vainly waiting for the last eighteen centuries, and which every association has hitherto failed to accomplish.

Orthodoxy in Theosophy is a thing neither possible nor desirable. It is diversity of opinion, within certain limits, that keeps the Theosophical Society a living and a healthy body, its many other ugly features notwithstanding. Were it not, also, for the existence of a large amount of uncertainty in the minds of students of Theosophy, such healthy divergencies would be impossible, and the Society would degenerate into a sect, in which a narrow and stereotyped creed would take the place of the living and breathing spirit of Truth and an ever growing Knowledge.

According as people are prepared to receive it, so will new Theosophical teaching be given. But no more will be given than the world, on its present level of spirituality, can profit by. It depends on the spread of Theosophy—the assimilation of what has been already given—how much more will be revealed, and how soon.

It must be remembered that the Society was not founded as a nursery for forcing a supply of Occultists—as a factory for the manufacture of Adepts. It was intended to stem the current of materialism, and also that of spiritual-

istic phenomenalism and the worship of the Dead. It had to guide the spiritual awakening that has now begun, and not to pander to psychic cravings which are but another form of materialism. For by "materialism" is meant not only an anti-philosophical negation of pure spirit, and, even more, materialism in conduct and action—brutality, hypocrisy, and, above all, selfishness, —but also the fruits of a disbelief in all but material things, a disbelief which has increased enormously during the last century, and which has led many, after a denial of all existence other than that in matter, into a blind belief in the *materialization of Spirit.*

The tendency of modern civilization is a reaction towards animalism, towards a development of those qualities which conduce to the success in life of man as an animal in the struggle for animal existence. Theosophy seeks to develop the human nature in man in addition to the animal, and at the sacrifice of the superfluous animality which modern life and materialistic teachings have developed to a degree which is abnormal for the human being at this stage of his progress.

Men cannot all be Occultists, but they can all be Theosophists. Many who have never heard of the Society are Theosophists without knowing it themselves; for the essence of Theosophy is the perfect harmonizing of the divine with the human in man, the adjustment of his god-like qualities and aspirations, and their sway over the terrestrial or animal passions in him. Kindness, absence of every ill feeling or selfishness, charity, good-will to all beings, and perfect justice to others as to one's self, are its chief features. He who teaches Theosophy preaches the gospel of good-will; and the converse of this is true also,—he who preaches the gospel of good-will, teaches Theosophy.

This aspect of Theosophy has never failed to receive due and full recognition in the pages of the *Path*, a journal of which the American Section has good reason to be proud. It is a teacher and a power; and the fact that such a periodical should be produced and supported in the United States speaks in eloquent praise both of its Editor and its readers.

America is also to be congratulated on the increase in the number of the Branches or Lodges which is now taking place. It is a sign that in things spiritual as well as things temporal the great American Republic is well fitted for independence and self-organization. The Founders of the Society wish every Section, as soon as it becomes strong enough to govern itself, to be as independent as is compatible with its allegiance to the Society as a whole and to the Great Ideal Brotherhood, the lowest formal grade of which is represented by the Theosophical Society.

Here in England Theosophy is waking into new life. The slanders and absurd inventions of the Society for Psychical Research have almost paralyzed it, though only for a very short time, and the example of America has stirred the English Theosophists into renewed activity. *Lucifer* sounded the réveillé, and the first fruit has been the founding of the "Theosophical Publication Society". This Society is of great importance. . . .

I am confident that, when the real nature of Theosophy is understood, the prejudice against it, now so unfortunately prevalent, will die out. Theoso-

phists are of necessity the friends of all movements in the world, whether intellectual or simply practical, for the amelioration of the condition of mankind. We are the friends of all those who fight against drunkenness, against cruelty to animals, against injustice to women, against corruption in society or in government, although we do not meddle in politics. We are the friends of those who exercise practical charity, who seek to lift a little of the tremendous weight of misery that is crushing down the poor. But, in our quality of Theosophists, we cannot engage in any one of these great works in particular. As individuals we may do so, but as Theosophists we have a larger, more important, and much more difficult work to do. People say that Theosophists should show what is in them, that "the tree is known by its fruit". Let them build dwellings for the poor, it is said, let them open "soup-kitchens" etc., etc., and the world will believe that there is something in Theosophy. These good people forget that Theosophists, as such, are poor, and that the Founders themselves are poorer than any, and that one of them, at any rate, the humble writer of these lines, has no property of her own, and has to work hard for her daily bread whenever she finds time from her Theosophical duties. The function of Theosophists is to open men's hearts and understandings to charity, justice, and generosity, attributes which belong specifically to the human kingdom and are natural to man when he has developed the qualities of a human being. Theosophy teaches the animal-man to be a human-man; and when people have learned to think and feel as truly human beings should feel and think, they will act humanely, and works of charity, justice, and generosity will be done spontaneously by all. . . .

I should like to revisit America, and shall perhaps do so one day, should my health permit. I have received pressing invitations to take up my abode in your great country which I love so much for its noble freedom. Colonel Olcott, too, urges upon me very strongly to return to India, where he is fighting almost single-handed the great and hard fight in the cause of Truth; but I feel that, for the present, my duty lies in England and with the Western Theosophists, where for the moment the hardest fight against prejudice and ignorance has to be fought. But whether I be in England or in India, a large part of my heart and much of my hope for Theosophy lie with you in the United States, where the Theosophical Society was founded, and of which country I myself am proud of being a citizen. But you must remember that, although there must be local Branches of the Theosophical Society, there can be no local Theosophists; and just as you all belong to the Society, *so do I belong to you all.* . . .

Meanwhile, my far-away and dear Brother, accept the warmest and sincerest wishes for the welfare of your Societies and of yourself personally, and, while conveying to all your colleagues the expression of my fraternal regards, assure them that, at the moment when you will be reading to them the present lines, I shall—if alive—be in Spirit, Soul, and Thought amidst you all.

Yours ever, in the truth of the GREAT CAUSE we are all working for,

H. P. BLAVATSKY. .·.

London, *April 3d, 1888.*

The Bible of Bibles: A Source Book of Religions, Demonstrating the Unity of the Sacred Books of the World, compiled by Frank L. Riley, M.D.; J. F. Rowny Press, Los Angeles, 1929; price $10.00.

This book has evidently been published at considerable expense and as a labour of love. Many students of Theosophy would be glad to have it in their libraries, or might advantageously persuade their local Public Library to purchase it. It contains extracts from many of the world's sacred books, though by no means from all (nothing, for instance, from China, except from the books of Tâoism), and it gives the reference for every passage cited. No two people preparing an anthology of this kind would choose the same headings for their quotations. It is not surprising, therefore, that a reviewer should find much to criticize in the physical arrangement of such a book. The same may be said of the compiler's choice of translations, for he draws freely upon *The Sacred Books of the East*, edited by Max Müller, which for most of us would be a last resort. It is evident, none the less, that Dr. Riley has been most conscientious and painstaking in his procedure, and, until the ideal anthology appears, we shall be glad to recommend his.

H.

The Mystics of Siena, by Piero Misciattelli; English version by M. Peters-Roberts; D. Appleton and Company, New York, 1930; price, $3.00.

Whatever changes to-morrow may bring, the Siena of to-day is still very much the Siena of the Middle Ages; its ancient, proud isolation, its fidelity to hallowed tradition, may still be felt there. "Perhaps the day is not far distant," writes Signor Misciattelli, "when the mediæval city, which was strong enough to resist the Renaissance, will have to bow before the violence and stress of modern life," but there can be no doubt that so far, much of the spirit of her 14th and 15th century mystics, who were themselves "all violent", has withstood the assault of modernity; when we pass through Siena's gateways, we can still feel that we have entered the "Home of Souls". The mystics of Siena were men and women of action, their mystical experiences and their works of charity being combined with an unceasing effort to raise the level of public ideals. So far-reaching was their influence that it penetrated and coloured every form of Sienese life, military, political, industrial; and Sienese art, as we know, remained persistently primitive in the finest and purest sense, long after other schools throughout Italy were given over to the joys of expressing more sensuous beauty. While Masaccio, Paolo Uccello and others, only a few miles distant in Florence, were eagerly reaching out toward the alluring graces which the Renaissance had brought, Sassetta and Sano di Pietro in Siena were still bathed in pure and heavenly visions, remaining true to mystical tradition—the austere loveliness of their works being a reflection of the austerity and loveliness of the Sienese mystics who inspired them. One of the many admirable points which the author of this interesting book emphasises, is the close association, the enduring bond between the outer and the inner in Sienese life; the outer restraint which was so manifest in civic ideals, was the same restraint which we find to-day when we stand before Duccio, and in both cases it was a result of the practical teaching of the great mystics who 'were always opposed to any vain enthusiasm or passing elation, even of the smallest and least

expected nature." When it came to the question of inner abandonment, however, the great Sienese mystics set quite a different example, and the stirring chapters on the "Gesuati", on Saint Catherine, San Bernardino, Brandano, tell of a self-giving, of a spiritual splendour which had no bounds. Theirs were no half-way measures; with them it was all or nothing, restraint turned upon itself and became a passionate devotion. "Does not real heroism nearly always drive men to do things which border on the seemingly absurd? William Blake said that 'men can never arrive at wisdom, unless they have first passed through the castle of Folly.' All the true mystics lived in the castle of Folly—of the divine folly of a dream which transfigured to them every creature and every thing, and made all who came into contact with them feel the strength and beauty of their souls." Giovanni Colombini, writing to a friend, perhaps strikes the key-note of the militant mystics of Siena: "May Christ make both you and us fools for the sake of His Love." The book is richly illustrated with reproductions of many Sienese paintings of the period, and these should be of the greatest assistance to readers in reviving the atmosphere of that golden age when the mystics of Siena lived and loved and spent themselves in their Master's work. We owe much to the translator who has evidently preserved all the fire and colour of the Italian original. T. D.

The Buddha's Golden Path, by Dwight Goddard; Luzac and Co., London, 1930; price $1.00.

The sub-title of this book is: "A Manual of Practical Buddhism based on the Teachings and Practices of the Zen Sect, but interpreted and adapted to meet Modern Conditions." The author explains in his Preface that he first came into contact with Buddhism some thirty years ago, when serving as a missionary of the American board in China. Some five or six years ago, having become deeply interested in Christian mysticism, his reading brought to his attention the existence of Buddhist mysticism. He studied this, and also "institutional Buddhism", deciding, as a result, that he would visit Japan in order to investigate what he describes as the "experiential side" of Buddhism, as revealed in its monasteries and temples. Finally, a year or two ago, he became a very enthusiastic Buddhist,—of the Zen school.

The philosophy of the Zen school of Buddhism is similar to that of the Advaita Vedantins; it is very "impersonal", and is fond, in English, of the word "Suchness". That the present reviewer does not happen to find that word inspiring, in no way blinds him to the fact that there are plenty of people who do, and who doubtless need to pass through a stage which that word typifies. It is a stage in the spiritual journey when the soul is struggling to escape from dependence upon outer things, especially upon religious forms and ceremonies, observances and creeds. There are, however, further stages.

The author has done his work admirably. He divides his book into three main "Adventures"; the first, "Through Restraint of Physical Desire to Emancipation", the second, "Through Right Mind-Control to Enlightenment", the third, "Through Concentration of Spirit to Tranquillisation." His exposition is clear, and he fully justifies his claim to have "interpreted and adapted" Zen, "to meet modern conditions",—so much so, that he goes a step further than the Bishops at the recent Lambeth Conference, in an effort to meet the world half-way in the matter of marriage, children, and so forth. This in itself, however, proves that whatever the merits of the book, it is not the work of a mystic: anything but that; for mystics, whatever their faults, do not err in *that* respect. And this inevitably suggests that if he had really understood the mysticism of Christianity which, he says, at one time so deeply interested him, it would have seemed foolish to leave it for another religion, seeing that the universality of the Master Mystic, Christ, would have included all that is true in all other formulations, as part of the *theosophia* which is eternal. E. T. H.

Some Exponents of Mystical Religion, by Rufus M. Jones; The Epworth Press, London; 6 shillings net.

The seven chapters of this book, originally delivered as popular lectures, deal with "The Mystic's Experience", Plotinus, Meister Eckhart, Luther, Browning, Whitman, and "Mystical Life and Thought in America."

It is not easy to popularize mysticism. Certainly the higher reaches of mystical attain-

ment are stated by all the great mystics themselves to be almost incommunicable to average intellects. Their efforts to describe a positive experience where no adequate terms exist in any Western language, have resulted in the use of negatives, and in writings that are usually considered obscure. Professor Jones meets this stumbling-block to popularization in a way which seems to the reviewer to lower and belittle mystical achievement. Briefly put, he dismisses this whole field of difficulty as simply an unessential intellectual creation, and therefore as artificial. He begins by claiming that the heart of the mystic's experience is a direct personal perception of God, no different in kind, but only in degree, from the first-hand experience any man may have. He maintains that for every mystic who has written successfully of his experiences, there are thousands who have been voiceless; so that genuine mystical experience is far more common than is supposed (p. 32). The ordinary man does not attend to, nor cultivate, that side of his nature; and as "it is an eternal law of life that there can be no *compulsion* in the realm of the spirit" (p. 40), he is too lazy, or indifferent, or ignorant, or distracted to possess himself of a range of experience that might be his. But, having linked the average man's mystical leanings with the highest stages reached by admittedly great mystics, Professor Jones then goes a step further, because he deplores the tendency of so many literary mystics to interpret their exalted experience in negatives. "This 'negative' philosophy is no proper or inherent part of mysticism", he says. "It belongs to a long and tragic state of human thinking" (p. 108). The inference is unavoidable, though not precisely stated, that the obscurity and mystification inhere in the individual mystic's mind, or in his philosophy, and are not a necessary part of the experience itself. Other "practical" or "concrete" mystics, who have broken loose from the tradition started in the West by Plotinus and Dionysius the Areopagite, are, it is suggested, equally great as mystics. Professor Jones presents Plotinus as both a genuine mystic and a gigantic intellect; but he does not wish the modern man to be diverted from his own mystical possibilities by taking fright at—must we infer?—the "tragic state" of Plotinus' thinking. So he wants us to believe that Luther, Browning, and Whitman had as genuine, and far more comprehensive, experiences, which they reported more simply and directly. He says of Walt Whitman that "his autobiographical passages plainly reveal the fact that he was himself in his own personal experiences a mystic of *remarkable depth*" (p. 204, italics mine). The quotations Professor Jones assembles are wholly unconvincing of any such high attainment. Granted that Whitman the poet had, what all true poets have at least in their poetical moods or moments, a heightened appreciation of finer states of consciousness—which some merely reflect and some actually enter—Whitman the *man* was not a mystic. One illustration (pp. 181–2) to prove mysticism in his poetry, namely, that he got "tired and sick" (bored?) listening to a lecture on astronomy ("the charts and the diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them" etc.), and so, "rising and gliding out, I wandered off by myself, In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time, Looked up in perfect silence at the stars",—surely was, and is, an experience shared at some time by probably a majority of college students, who to their own regret are not always as free as Whitman to indulge their vagrant urge, and who would be truly astonished to learn that they were even inclined towards mysticism on that account. Whitman's use of the adjective "mystical" (with moist!), does not prove that *he* was mystical, whatever one may think of the "night-air".

Spiritual consciousness lies within and about the several stages of psychic and mental consciousness which the average man of to-day has evolved from it; but that cannot justify our labelling even the finer types of the psychic and mental as spiritual. The latter can be attained; but not until the inner eyes are opened—as the wiser mystics, like Ruysbroeck or St. John of the Cross, not to mention St. Paul, knew well, and stated clearly many times. The discipline of life necessary for this is long and arduous. The average man can at least begin it, if he choose; but the writer on mysticism misleads the average man if mere reflections and dilutions of the inner reality are proclaimed the equal of the highest,—in fact, as even better, because more "balanced" or "practical". M. H.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 355.—*Could a man be an honest physician and at the same time a true Theosophist? Is he not pledged, for instance, to cure pain where he finds it, regardless of whether he is going to drive it to some higher plane?*

ANSWER.—It is the obvious duty of the physician to cure pain by removing its cause, but it may be necessary, as a means to that end, temporarily to intensify the sensation of physical pain. A sliver cannot be removed from a finger without some discomfort. The theosophical physician may use the resources of modern medicine which really help the patient to endure the suffering of the physical body, but he cannot shirk his main objective which is the discovery of the deformed states of consciousness that are the causes of most physical symptoms. Unless the soul can be cured as well as the body, the alleviation of pain cannot fail to be transitory.

S. L.

ANSWER.—He could. I am not acquainted with the pledges taken by doctors, but presumably the good doctor's aim is to determine the cause of the pain or illness, and then to eliminate it. The practice of medicine is neither calculated nor in the least likely to drive a physical ailment to a higher or inner plane. It is the Christian Scientists, mental healers, *et al.*, who, by the misuse of the powers of the imagination, reinforced by "mantrams" (affirmations and denials) based on half truths, strive to remove the physical ill by a method which, if successful, does drive the trouble back to an inner plane. This is contrary to Nature and the apparent benefit is an illusion. The "true Theosophist" would be better able to effect real and permanent cures than his non-theosophical fellow doctors. Incidentally, to become a "true theosophist" is the work of a lifetime—of many lifetimes.

C. M. S.

ANSWER.—The question seems to pack a great deal of confused thinking into a very small compass. A physician is not pledged to cure pain; he is pledged to do what he can to cure disease and to prolong life. Pain is not the disease; pain is the effect; disease, or lack of balance—in some cases, nervous balance—is the cause; pain serves the purpose of a danger signal; disease without pain is much more dangerous than with it, if only because the disease is much less likely to be recognized. It is the function of the true physician to work with Nature (compare what is said in *The Occult World* about the function of Masters), and as many diseases are an effort on the part of Nature to throw out of the system something that is antagonistic to its welfare, it would of course be a grave mistake merely to check the symptoms without removing their cause; in fact, symptoms will usually take care of themselves while the disease is being treated. But this has nothing whatever to do with pain. A toothache is evidence of a diseased condition, possibly local but none the less real. Once the danger signal has been recognized and the source of the trouble determined, the pain may be dealt with summarily—the more summarily the better, most of us think—without any likelihood of driving it "to some higher plane". On what higher plane could it function? Pain is not a physical thing; it is non-existent without consciousness; it is a psychic sensation; it is one of the "mysteries" which no materialist has ever been able to explain.

Because many diseases are an effort on the part of Nature to eject some poison—possibly a germ-poison—which can be thought of as the solidification of an inner poison which has

percolated down from the psychic plane and the mind,—it should not be inferred that it is the function of the physician to probe into purely mental and moral conditions. It would need an Adept to connect cause and effect in that way,—and an Adept would know better than to undertake it. Infinite harm is done by "mixing planes". A pudding should be cooked, —not psycho-analyzed; and when a cook who thinks herself clairvoyant or "intuitional" or something of that kind, bases her treatment of dough and raisins upon the "etheric vibrations" she is handling, or upon the "colours" of her ingredients, or upon their "discords" and "harmonies",—my advice would be to avoid that cook, and especially her pudding. A "spiritual director", with a grain of sense, will not mix his advice with medical prescriptions; in the same way, an experienced physician—certainly a "theosophical" physician—will know better than to dabble in psychic causes when it is his function to deal with physiological (including nervous) effects. "The duty of another is full of danger." Any violation of that principle leads to folly, and sometimes to baby black magic. For example, a physician prescribes deep-breathing exercises: excellent; but then, wanting to think of himself, or to be thought of, as something more than a mere physician, he adds: "And as you inhale, breathe in the Holy Ghost, and hold it in your heart." Apart from the fact that presumably the hour will come when you will have to exhale—in which case, good-bye to the Holy Ghost—the obvious fact is that no sort of physical act, such as breathing, is going to bring you a fraction nearer the Holy Ghost, for the simple reason that air is air, and Spirit is Spirit. If you pretend to think otherwise, you are deceiving yourself, and are prostituting a wholesome physical practice to unwholesome and unspiritual ends.

It would, I believe, prove instructive if a student of Theosophy, who happens also to be a doctor of medicine, were to think of his function as corresponding, on a small scale, with that of the third or manifested Logos, in other words, with the trinity of Brahmâ, Vishnu, and Sîva. As generally translated, these words, or persons, signify Creation, Preservation, Destruction; but we must look beneath the surface of these meanings, and shall then find that, among other kinds of action, they will suggest stimulation, rest, purgation,—three terms which cover a fairly wide field in the domain of therapeutics. If any medical reader were willing to comment on this suggestion, his communication would be received gratefully, I am assured, by the editors. H.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held on alternate Saturday evenings, at 64 Washington Mews, which runs from the east side of Fifth Avenue, midway between 8th Street and Washington Square, North. No. 64 is the first studio east of Fifth Avenue, on the north side of the Mews. The meetings begin at half-past eight, and close at ten o'clock. There are meetings on,—

January 3rd, 17th and 31st
February 14th and 28th
March 14th and 28th
April 11th and 25th (Convention Meeting)
May 9th and 23rd

Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York. Visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.

STANDARD BOOKS

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Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

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